JOHN BULL, JUNE 9, 1923. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.* Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXIII. No. 852. SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1923. TWOPENCE.

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

THE LARGEST NET SALES OF ANY 2d WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

£2000 "Bullets" First Prize

£500 2nd. Prize
£250 3rd. Prize
& MANY OTHER PRIZES

Shredded Wheat

Of all Grocers

8D.

PER PKT.

with stewed fruits

There is no more delicious dish for any meal. It affords the most nourishment at the least cost.

FREE TRIAL PACKET

Sent gratis on receipt of your name and address.

SHREDDED WHEAT CO., LTD., 26, General Buildings, Aldwych, London, W.C.2.

THERE IS STILL TIME

to get this

2/6

Everpointed Pencil FREE!

Send No Money

READ THIS

1, Rugby St., Preston.

"I cannot express how grateful I am . . . I am delighted with Pen and Pencil. It is no exaggeration to say I prefer the Pen to one costing 30/- which is in the possession of my brother.

(Signed) *G. Singleton."*

THIS wonderful offer to introduce a wonderful Pen is still open to "John Bull" readers. Take it while you can. Send no money. Decide after you have examined this wonderful bargain for yourself. Don't be too late—send the coupon to-day

CUT HERE

Send no money. Available for 10 days only. JOHN BULL PEN DEPT., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Send me your new model 5/6 JOHN BULL Self-Filling Pen complete with clip, on 3 days' trial. If I decide to keep it, I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (postage free), and accept the 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil as a free gift. If I decide not to keep it, I will return the Pen, with the Pencil, in new condition within 3 days from receipt.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

State if broad, medium or fine nib required. Should you desire to forward remittance with this application cross P.O. " & Co." and make payable to "JOHN BULL."

"J.B." 9.6.23. DATE.....

over 5,000 Benefits paid to date

5,167 readers of "John Bull" have now benefited under "John Bull's" Great Free Home Insurance Gift. Here is overwhelming proof that the benefits offered are *real* and that "John Bull" is the paper that pays. Below are a few of the names of those who benefit this week. Hundreds unavoidably left over.

Damage by FIRE.

£145 A. LEGG, 6, Rockingham St., Fitzwilliam, Nr. Wakefield.

£50 Mrs. D. Fairfoul, 8, Harley Terrace, Kirkcaldy, Fife.

The following also receive fire benefits this week:

GOODMAYES, ESSEX.—Mrs. E. BRIANCE, 108, Kingswood Road.
KENTISBURY, Nr. BARNSTAPLE.—W. CROCOMBE, Little Bowley.
GLASGOW.—P. KENNEDY, 103, Brunside Street.
ABINGDON, BERKS.—H. M. TOWNSEND, 42, West St. Helens Street.
NEWPORT, MON.—H. T. PHILLIPS, 16, Countybella Street.

Sickness Benefits £5 5s.

towards medical attendance for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Typhoid Fever, Smallpox, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-spinal Fever (or "spotted" fever) Measles, Anthrax

RUGELEY.—Mrs. E. COPE, 2, Yardley's Entry, Horse Fair.
GREENOCK.—Mrs. M. GIBSON, 9, Mill Street.
JARROW-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. J. TEASAR, 41, Ferry Street.

Holiday Making?

The benefits of the "John Bull" Free Home Insurance Gift are extended to registered readers during their stay at Hotels, Boarding Houses or Apartments, both as to Accident benefits and to material damage, the latter being limited to £20 to cover Registered Reader's Luggage. In the event of a claim arising, registered readers will be required to show that they have purchased the paper whilst away.

Home Accidents £3 per week.

PEMBROKE DOCK.—Mrs. E. J. EVANS, 35, Clarence Street.
EARLSFIELD, S.W. 18.—Mrs. D. D. ROWSELL, 44, Buckhurst Road.
STEVENTON, BERKS.—Mrs. M. M. TILBY, Townsend, Harwell.
DUNDEE.—Mrs. J. HOSKINS, 106, Alexander Street.
RHYMNEY, MON.—Mrs. E. WILLIAMS, 85, Forge Street.
MORTIMER, BERKS.—Mrs. M. J. PERRY, Council Cotts.

Home Accidents £1 per week.

S.W. 8.—J. AMES, 34, Clapham Road.
EDMONTON, N. 18.—Mrs. J. BEAL 50, Claremont Street.
LEEDS.—Mrs. A. BENHAM, 33, Melville Road, Woodhouse.
CUMBERLAND.—Mrs. T. BROWN, 33, South Street, Egremont.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. S. CHALLINGWORTH, 2, Furnace Hill, Hakesowen.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—Mrs. M. CROCKHAM, 77, Fountney Street.
LEEDS.—Mrs. E. DAVIS, 8, Wright Street, York Road.
WALLSEND-ON-TYNE.—R. DODDS, 61, Gordon Square.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. M. A. EATON, 86, Thimble Mill Road, Warley, Smethwick.
RHYMNEY, MON.—Mrs. G. EVANS, 12, Thomas Row.
GRAVESEND.—Mrs. S. FERGUSON, 12, Milton Place.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. B. FULHAM, 1513, Shettleston Road, Shettleston.
HULL.—Mrs. G. GARRATT, 7, Kingston Gdns., Kingston Street.
DENABY MAIN, Nr. ROTHERHAM.—Mrs. A. GASCOYNE, 95, Leverall Street.
POSKEY, Nr. WREXHAM.—Mrs. J. HANNABY, 12, Australia Street.
PYLE, GLAM.—S. HOCKING, 19, Barden Avenue.
NANTWICH.—Mrs. A. HORE, 17, Arnold Street.
SUNDERLAND, Co. DURHAM.—Mrs. L. HUTCHINSON, 39, Hedworth Street, Monkwearmouth.
LIVERPOOL.—W. R. JOHNSON, 26, June Road, Tuebrook.
WINGATE COLLIERY, Co. DURHAM.—Mrs. JOHNSON, 8, Seymour Street.
ILKESTON.—Mrs. E. KERR, 6, Hanger Hill, Nottingham Road.
NANTYFFYLLON, S. WALES.—Mrs. A. MORRIS, 28, Grove Street.
N. SHIELDS.—J. D. BROWN, 9, Addison St.
MARDY, RHONDDA.—Mrs. T. BROWN, 54, Richard Street.
BERMONDSEY, S.E. 1.—Mrs. E. BALCHIN, 6, Baffins Place, Long Lane.
PENRHIWCEIBER, GLAM.—Mrs. J. CAHIR LANE, 72, Woodfield Terrace.
EBBW VALE, MON.—Mrs. M. J. COLES, 8, Old Colliers Row.
BURY ST. EDMUNDS.—F. H. COVENG, Windsor Green, Cockfield.
BARRY ISLAND, S. WALES.—Mrs. R. COLLIER, 22, Clive Road.
ISLINGTON, N. 1.—Mrs. E. COMMON, 9, Prebend Street, Essex Road.
YSTRAD MYNACH, GLAM.—Mrs. J. DAVIES, 35, Brynffynach Avenue.

Sign Now!

CUT HERE

J.B. 9.6.23.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS).

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

Date .....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate verifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

CUT HERE

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 9.6.23.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

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Address : The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 46, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A £9/- Capital and your living guaranteed. —Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—H. Marks, 81, Houndsditch, London, E.C.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery Trade. How to start, useful hints. Worth pounds. Post free. Write to-day.—Cochrane's Warehouses, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only) ; list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 99, High Street, Manchester.

NOVELTIES, Fancy Goods, Cutlery, Watches, Gramophones, etc. Illustrated Catalogue post free. — Kaufman's, Dept. B., 42 and 44, Thomas Street, Manchester.

LONGCLOTHS, CASEMENTS, FOULARDS, etc., etc. Remnants and Cut Lengths. Send for free Wholesale Price List. Excellent opportunities for Drapers, Market-men and Beginners. Large capital unnecessary, no order too small to transact.—A. & R. Levy, Ltd. (Manchester Warehousemen, Dept. S), 36a, Commercial Rd., London, E.1.

AGENTS WANTED.

FREEMAN'S AGENCY.
ADD TO YOUR WEEKLY EARNINGS
by selling in your spare time
MEN'S AND WOMEN'S BOOTS AND SHOES, MEN'S & WOMEN'S CLOTHING, DRAPERY, FURNITURE, BEDSTEADS, LINO, CARPETS, SEWING MACHINES, BABY CARRIAGES, WRINGERS, BICYCLES, CHINA WARE, WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELLERY, etc.
GRAND VALUE.
Cash or Easy Terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Thousands of testimonials. Men in regular work, apply to FREEMAN'S, Contractors to H.M. Government, 163, to 167, Lavender Hill, London.

PART-TIME AGENCY.—Ex. opportunity for persons in regular employment to sell Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Jewellery, etc.; cash or credit; good com.—Apply, J. Turner (Dept. 19), 18, The Arcade, Grattan Rd., Bradford.

LATEST Sensational Novelty.—Buying agents, hawkers, canvassers wanted; suitable mail order; ex. profit. S. & R., 199, Sherrard Rd., E.7.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; free tuition; guaranteed wage for output; experience not necessary. Send one penny stamp for prospectus.—G. B. M. Co., Dept. 199, 91, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES. SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 50 Provincial Newspapers for £1/10. London and suburban series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press (Series Dept. 68), 199, Strand, London, W.C.2.

£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 20/-. No previous experience necessary. — Write for particulars, H. Lovaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. —Write, Noble Bros., Pelham St., Nottingham.

PRINTING. — 10,000 Handbills at 2/6 per 1,000; Memos, Billheads, Postcards, Duplicate Books, etc. Big range of samples, 2d. postage. —Mead and Son, Bovey, Devon.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in 50 London and Provincial Newspapers for 2/6 (24 words, 50 papers 5/-. Write for free list.—Camden Advertising Agency (Dept. Y.), 82, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

MAKE and SELL Polishes for Boots, Furniture, Metals, etc. 96-pp. formulas, addresses for materials, 2/6.—J. B. Wilkes, Stockton, Rugby.

START a profitable business of own. No risk. We supply everything. Exc. stpd. env.—Morse (HKJ), 248, Duke Street, Liverpool.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS direct (non-combine), therefore cheapest, from 4½d; write for free pattern book. —Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Hunslet Road, Leeds.

A NEW SUIT, Raincoat, Costume, Boots, Cycles, Watch or Ring on easy terms, from 6/- monthly.—Write for price-list and illustrations. —Masters, Ltd., 63, Hope Stores, Rye.

CYCLISTS! FREE!—Monster 144-page Catalogue of unbeatable Bargains. Cycles at guaranteed 50/- clear money-saving. Big reductions in Accessories. Real Cable Cord Covers at actually HALF-PRICE. Also list of astounding Clearance Offers—below cost. Both books are free. Don't miss them.—Moorhouse, Ltd., Dept. 68, Padiham, Burnley.

CATESBY'S CURTAINS.—Newest designs at lowest prices. Profits drastically cut to make this offer your best chance for beautiful lace curtains, casement fabrics, and drapery goods. Correct curtains for every window. Catalogue and patterns free if you request No. M.B. (19). Catesby's, Ltd., London, W.1.

CYCLISTS, YOU MUST BUY, so why not buy better, cheaper. If you don't believe you can, send for my big expensive new volume. Then you will know what rock-bottom prices really are! 144 pages, 1,000 illustrations. Cycles, Tyres, Accessories, Home Wants, Jewellery, Fancy Goods, every article a big money-saver. No store can give you such satisfaction —no other Catalogue will prove so valuable. Write "Catalogue, please," on a postcard and drop it in the pillar-box NOW! It's a free gift ! offer, and a great opportunity—don't miss it.—H. Fitzpatrick, Dept. 68, Burnley.

CAMERAS by leading British makers at Bargain Prices on Easy Terms. Catalogue of full ranges of models post free.—J. G. GRAVES, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

HIGH CLASS Commercial Stationery; Cheapest obtainable, excellent work. Samples free. Midway Press, 20a, Blue Bell Hill, Nottingham.

HOUDS 20 Cigarettes.—Beautiful Croc. Grain Cases; hand-sewn; 5/6, post free.—Lacroix, 152, West Graham Street, Glasgow.

PEACH'S CURTAINS.—Send for Summer Clearance Sheet and Catalogue. Curtains, Cretonnes, Linens, Muslins.—Peach and Sons, 161, The Looms, Nottingham.

MAGICAL!—Ink, wine and other stains instantly vanish from paper, linen, wood, hands, bottle, hundreds of doses, 1/-, p.f.—British Products, 2, White Lion Street, N.1.

HANDSOME Satin-walnut sideboards; bevelled mirror, carved panels. £9 17s. 6d. Carr, pd. Rng. Photo on applin.—G. Butler, 28, Blenheim Street, Hull.

WOOLS.—Double Knitting Fingering, Sports, Camel, Vest, Shetland Floss, etc. Buy direct from Scotland. Patterns free.—Grant (Dept. S), 42, Union Street, Aberdeen.

GARDENING.

200 Bedding Plants, 5/-; 4 Geraniums, 4 Calceolarias, 6 Dahlias, 12 chrysanthemums, 24 Ageratum, 12 Asters, 12 Stocks, 50 Tagetes, 12 Foliage Plants, 20 Cyrans, 20 Cosmos, 12 Tropeolums, 10 Marguerites, 50 Edging Plants, 10 Gaillardias (12 varieties packed separately), carriage paid.—Letts and Son, Nurserymen, 99, Hadleigh, Suffolk.

LIVESTOCK.

YOUNG talking Parrots and cages from 40/-. Singing Canaries 15/-. Livestock list free.—Chapman's, 17, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Lewis Home-spuns direct from makers; best quality only. Patterns free. —Harris Tweed Dept., 2, James St., Stornoway.

MUSICAL.

ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments, Illd. Catalogue free.—Douglas, 99, King's Chambers, South Street, E.C.2.

"THE One-Man Jazz-Band." Latest musical novelty; reproduces any Song, Waltz, Fox-trot; splendid accompaniment to Gramophone or Piano. Post free, 6d. Trade supplies.—Davis's, Lord Street Arcade, Liverpool.

JAZZ Outfits, Accordions, Concertinas, Banjos, Mandolins, Phono-fiddles, Mouth-organs, Violins, Lists.—Vickers, Royal Hill, Greenwich, London.

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ARE YOU A SUCCESS?—Become a Swedish Massage Expert. We train you thoroughly by post. Everybody succeeds and makes big money. Spare time to start. Most fascinating tuition, rapid, easy. Pay while you learn. Send to-day for interesting brochure, gratis and post free.—Address personally, W. H. Dixon Child, M.S.B., Smae Institute, Festing Grove, E. Portsmouth.

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The School that
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SUBJECTS.—Accountancy, Secretaryship, Advertising, Insurance, London B. Com. Degree, Banking, Costing and Factory Organisation, Business Training, Matriculation, Professional Preliminary Examination.
Record Success at Professional Examinations. Many intensely practical, non-examination Courses. Moderate fees, by instalments if desired.—Metropolitan College, Dept. 31, St. Albans.

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THE CURE FOR WORMS. — Be your own Doctor. "Artico" Worm Tablets are a specialist's cure in tablet form, and positively and permanently cure violent cases. No fasting, no dieting, no interference daily habits. Generous supply, 1/6, post paid, with proof of cure. Send to-day.—Ridyard Tablet Co., Mfg. Chemists, 36-38, High Street, Codnor, Derbyshire.

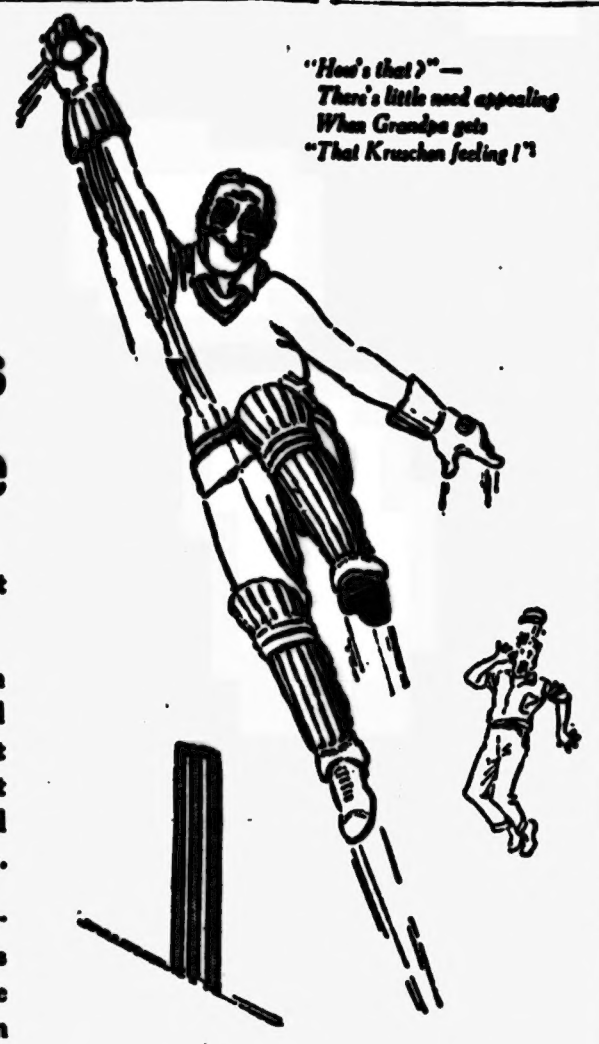
STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child). Particulars free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), Ruston Road, London, S.W.8.

THE MANUAL OF WISDOM.—Mothers and every married person should write at once for this wonderful and extremely valuable Medical Book, worth many pounds. Containing good, sound advice and special information, of the utmost importance. Should be in every home. Sent absolutely FREE on mentioning this paper. —La Brasseur Surgical Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. D. H.), 66-68, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

BLADDER WEAKNESS. — This distressing ailment in children, invalids, adults, quickly cured by "Parker's Remedy." 3/6 btl., p.f., or write for partics. "Routers," 31a, South Castle Street, Liverpool.

Continued on page 23.



"How's that?"—
There's little need appealing
When Grandpa gets
"That Kruschen feeling!"

He Misses No Chance

Grandpa's a terror at the wicket.

He snaps the batsmen up with a quickness and dexterity born of perfect health, and they're out before they have had time to get their eye in.

It's the same throughout his life. He misses no chances. The little daily dose of Kruschen he takes in his breakfast cup of tea keeps him alert in body and mind, seizing every opportunity by the forelock and hanging on to it for all he's worth.

The men who fail in life are the men who either don't see their chance when it comes along or imagine that they haven't the power to pull it off. It's their physical state that's responsible. They allow waste matter to clog their insides and produce headaches, indigestion, dyspepsia, and constant depression.

But millions of them, fortunately, have discovered the Kruschen Way to Health. They have found that the little daily dose clears the body of all impurities, restores the liver and kidneys to full activity, cleanses the blood stream, and sets them tingling from head to foot with health and cheery vigour.

Are you one of these happy millions? If not, start the Kruschen habit at once. You will feel many years younger before you are many days older.

Tasteless in Tea

Put as much in your breakfast cup as will lie on a sixpence. It's the little daily dose that does it.

Kruschen Salts

Good Health for a Farthing a Day

A 1/9 bottle of Kruschen Salts contains 96 doses—enough for three months—which means good health for less than a farthing a day. The dose prescribed for daily use is "as much as will lie on a sixpence," taken in the breakfast cup of tea. Every chemist sells Kruschen. Get a 1/9 bottle to-day and start to-morrow.

"Whenever we have produced an antiseptic which can be taken internally without risk of injury to cell tissue, we will have conquered infectious disease."—LORD LISTER.

The Ravages of Tuberculosis

FEW people realise that diseases of the respiratory organs (consumption, pneumonia, bronchitis, etc.) carried away 116,777 people in 1921, and that nearly 75,000 fresh cases of consumption were notified in that same year.

This enormous death-rate need never have taken place had 'Yadil' Antiseptic been given in every case without exception. Nor would that large number of fresh cases of consumption have developed had all the disorders which brought them about been treated with it.

I make this definite statement on the strength of the medical experience gained in the six years during which my antiseptic was kept exclusively for the medical profession. You can read this evidence in THE YADIL BOOK, which I send post-free in return for the card around the 6 oz. and larger sizes. This book of 192 pages, cloth-bound, contains forty pages of treatments suggested by doctors, one hundred pages of medical and other evidence, a chapter on the Causes of Disease, etc.

When the nation realises that precious lives by the hundred thousand are lost every year which could easily be saved by the timely use of my antiseptic, a wave of indignation will sweep the country from end to end. Already hundreds of letters reach me complaining bitterly that certain chemists do not stock 'Yadil' regularly, that many doctors do not prescribe it when they obviously should do so, that it is not used in certain sanatoriums where patients have to buy it and use it secretly, that 'Yadil' is denied to panel patients, etc. Case after case is reported to me of people declared by doctors to be on the eve of death, who have been saved from the grave by taking 'Yadil' as a last desperate resort.

I appeal to the million readers of JOHN BULL first to safeguard their own health by always having 'Yadil' at home ready for emergencies, and tell their friends about it. If I win their whole-hearted co-operation, I will make the British Isles free from consumption in three years.

Order a bottle of 'Yadil' from your chemist to-day, to secure a free copy of THE YADIL BOOK—and write for the post-free new booklet, which will interest you deeply.

'Yadil' Antiseptic is prepared by Messrs. Clement and Johnson Ltd., Research Medical Chemists, 19, Sicilian Avenue, London, W.C. 1. You can obtain it from all good chemists and stores, including all branches of Boots. If out of stock, your chemist can get it quickly for you, if you give him a firm order. 2 oz. 2/-, 6 oz. 3/6, Pint 9/6, Quart 17/-. When buying please remember that there is no card for THE YADIL BOOK with the 2 oz. or pocket size. Be sure you get the original package, in amber bottle packed in a corn-coloured wrapper with name, size and price plainly printed in black letters. Get 'Yadil' from your chemist as orders by post are more costly to you, the postage being 5d. for the 2 oz. size, 6d. for the 6 oz. size, 9d. for the Pint, and 1/- for the Quart.

'Yadil' is not a drug, medicine, tonic, or food, but solely a harmless vegetable antiseptic which destroys within the body disease germs and food poisons without injury to cell tissue.

'Yadil' is pronounced YAH-DIL.

AGENTS:

U.S.A.—E. FOUGERA & Co., Inc., 92, Beekman Street, New York.
AUSTRALIA.—CLIFFORD & Co., c/o. Francis & Co., Melbourne.
SOUTH AFRICA.—PATTISON LTD., P.O. Box 4044, Johannesburg.
CANADA.—JOSEPH CLEMENT, 270, Parc Lafontaine, Montreal.
NEW ZEALAND.—Clifford & Co., P.O. Box 1580, Auckland.
INDIA: All good chemists in Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Ceylon, &c.
Depots in China, Malta, British West Indies, British Guiana, Mauritius.

W.P.B.

Vol. XXXIII. No. 868.
Week ending Saturday, June 9, 1923. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9866
Telegrams: Heroically, London

For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

A Baldwin Victory.
The huge majority of Miss Mabel Russell at Berwick, where she stood under the auspices of the Conservative Party, suggests that the advent of Mr. Baldwin has given the Government a new lease of life. It's a triumph.

Still Bluffing.
German emissaries are in London to "sound" Britain on the question of reparations. It is the old game of trying to divide the Allies, and is foredoomed to failure.

Abolish Passports.
The peak of the Ellis Island scandal was reached when six British first-class passengers were refused permission to land. International discourtesy could hardly go further.

Belated Justice.
At last the Government is going to give the miners some attention. With wages 40 per cent. behind the rise in food prices many of them are worse off than they were nine years ago.

Stone Age Mentality.
The House of Lords badly misjudged public opinion when it rejected the Bill to abolish prosecutions under the blasphemy laws. They are mere legal relics of a narrow-minded age.

Appalling.
Slum areas are proving nearly as costly to the country as wars. Over £10,000,000 per annum is spent in tuberculosis treatment alone. Expenditure on housing is a national economy in the long run.

Waking Up.
One effect of our revelations regarding race-course roguery is that trainers are taking greater care of their charges. If only the stewards will watch closely for the "non-triers," our articles will not have been in vain.

Taking Risks.
Officialdom was quick to act on the suggestion that Irish revolutionaries should be deported, but is still silent regarding the scandal of the revolutionaries employed in the Civil Service. It is notorious that there are hundreds of them.

Royal Consideration.
The Prince of Wales' request that no public money should be spent on street decorations during his visit to Birmingham was a well-deserved snub to those who wished to squander £4,000 at a time when distress is acute.

Blind-eyed Cant.
America's Naval Secretary says the world is full of menace. And this is largely because America refuses to help in clearing up the mess.

We Pay of Course.
The refusal of the Arabs to vote has rendered the Palestine elections void. It would be interesting to know just what those useless elections have cost *us*.

A Case for Action.
Milk is still twice as dear as before the war. The chief reason is that the consumer is paying for sham competition, which is really a monopoly in disguise.

Stop It.
Pensions are still being paid to the descendants of people—many of them foreigners—who have been dead for centuries. Surely such luxuries are a little out of date?

Restore Our Liberties.
The Indemnity Bill must not pass without an undertaking that deportation without trial shall never recur. An immediate return to the full British constitution is four years overdue.

Paris Sets an Example.
The Police Authorities of Paris have provided an all-night medical service. Thirty doctors compose the staff, and are available by telephone from 10 p.m. to 6 a.m. There is need for such an arrangement in our cities.

Plus Sincerity.
Professor Rose says we want supermen to deal with present-day super-politics. Not at all—all we need is common sense, determination and a complete destruction of war-time minds and methods.

Disguised Reaction.
The Government's new Trade Boards Bill needs careful watching. The greatly increased powers given to the Ministry of Labour are a pretended improvement that will end in practical weakness and lead to a revival of sweating.

DON'T BE TOO LATE!
to win "Bullets"
£2,000
World's Record Prize
2nd Prize £500 3rd Prize £250
Closing Date - June 14.
See page 27.

The Crank's Reward.
America has stirred up a hornet's nest by meddling with liquor supplies on foreign vessels. The fact is the world is heartily sick of cranks of any kind.

Safeguard the Children.
Tuberculous milk causes over 3,000 deaths every year. Parliament should empower local authorities to enforce the pasteurisation of milk and a sanitary method of distribution.

Only the Best Wasted.
The British Medical Association rightly draws attention to the low remuneration offered to Medical Officers of Health. First-class men are not attracted by third-class salaries.

A Status for the League.
World-peace or world-destruction is the only choice, says Lord Robert Cecil. His appointment to Cabinet rank gives Britain an opportunity to point the right path.

The Road to Ruin.
The quickest way to check the spread of Bolshevism in the Ruhr is to end the Reparations muddle. Europe is rapidly facing chaos unless this problem is settled once and for all.

Fowls for Foxes.
The fact that Suffolk Hunt has paid £328 for poultry killed by foxes during the year indicates the difficulties of the poultry-keeper in the hunting districts. Wasted money and wasted food.

Why?
Why are the military authorities at such pains to hush up the facts regarding the growing number of desertions from the Army? Would it not be wiser to remove the causes of dissatisfaction?

Britain's All Right.
Sir Robert Hadfield's remark that sport is the best antidote to Bolshevism is profoundly true. On another page Sir Gilbert Parker says the same thing in his inimitable way.

Fraud Made Easy.
When will Scotland Yard wake up to the scandal of the fraudulent tipsters who are only able to carry on their business through using Post Restante addresses? They have more than enough complaints to act on.

Credit Where Due.
There is a noticeable improvement of discipline among the rank and file of the Government's supporters, and the recent crisis provoked not a ripple of revolt. Largely the credit is due to the Chief Whip, Col. Leslie Wilson, M.P., and the Party managers, the Hon. F. S. Jackson, M.P., and Admiral Sir Reginald Hall, M.P.

Mocking the Colours.

The Chairman of the Kingston-on-Thames Court asked a stable-hand if the ribbons he wore were his racing colours. "No, sir," was the proud reply, "they are the South African and Great War Medals." Why should prisoners have to put up with the taunts of ignorant fools? Where was the Chairman when the roll was called?

While Heroes Starve.

Since 1792 this country has paid a big pension, in addition to a gift of £100,000, to the heirs of an obscure Dutch duke named Schomberg for alleged services to England. Many years ago this pension was sold by his heirs to a family named Gosling, who are now drawing the pension for some mysterious "services rendered" for which they have no credit. And yet ex-Service men who sacrificed limbs for their country are starving on the dole!

Thwarted Modesty.

After plunging into the dock at Hull and rescuing a mother and her baby from drowning, Joseph Ackrill, a fruit-broker's employee, hurried away without revealing his identity. His modesty was thwarted, however—he was discovered and presented with a silver watch and a purse containing a banknote by the Lord Mayor. We are glad he got the watch and the banknote. Heroism is too often its own reward.

Support Foreign Industries.

No one objects to the Police Superintendents of Hampshire being supplied with motor-cars for official use, but the strongest objection possible is taken to the spending of the ratepayers' money on foreign-made cars. The Duke of Wellington, who authorised this unpatriotic act, excuses it on the grounds of economy, but that is ridiculous in the face of the number of unemployed motor mechanics forced on the rates through foreign competition.

Wife and Widow.

A man named Rees of Neath was married just before he died from terrible injuries in a Swansea hospital, to Miss Florence Stevens, his fiancée. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Thomas Morgan, a Nonconformist minister, but no licence had been obtained, no registrar was present, and no register was signed. The question is asked: "Is she a wife?" After the ceremony Rees fell back on the pillow, and with a smile on his lips said: "My wife at last." Beyond that there should be no question.

Christian Charity.

When a youth who had been driven by sheer starvation to steal from the collection boxes of three local churches was charged at Edinburgh, one of the ministers concerned pointed out that his box was marked "For the Poor," and he could think of no one poorer than this lad, who had never known his father or his mother, and had been unable to find work. The rarity of Christian charity noted by Tom Hood makes it a greater pleasure to commend the attitude of this kind-hearted clergyman.

Lives, 4s. 2½d. Each.

Suffering from an incurable disease and unable to do anything for herself, a Dolgelly hero-mother has been brought to dire straits. That England—and Wales—might be fit for soldiers' mothers to live in, her two boys died. A pension of £1 a week was granted to her for her sacrifice; ungrateful officials reduced this to 8s. 5d. Her sacrifice and the memory of her dear boys were alike insulted by the suggestion that their lives were worth no more to her than 4s. 2½d. each. And she, who unveiled Dolgelly's war memorial, has become a pauper.

Pit Pony Revenged at Last.

A poor pit pony in the Brodsworth Colliery not being able to draw its load, Alfred Ward, of Woodlands, beat it inhumanly with a thick, heavy, iron-bound stick, reducing it to a pitiable state. His excuse to the West Riding magistrates was that he was thinking of his sick children. He will be able to think out a better one during the month he is in gaol.

Prying Prigs of Salford.

For their proposed treatment of the patients in the Hope Hospital, Salford, the Infirmary Visiting Committee have had their knuckles rapped, and, if all is true, they got no more than they deserved. It was an intolerant suggestion that the patients should be requested to open the registered letters they received, and declare the contents. When they turned it down the Salford Guardians displayed commonsense.

Making Young Criminals.

Because he had never been in gaol Sydney Levy, St. James's Place, Liverpool, got off with a £20 fine for receiving a stolen bicycle. An escape, indeed, seeing that his evidence in court was discreditable. For youths out of work stealing bicycles is a way to make money. Their introduction to prison life is made easier when there are men like Levy willing to buy the things they steal.

Married to an Opium Seller.

Mr. Stuart Deacon, Liverpool's stipendiary, being of the opinion that Chinese who run opium dens should be deported, some of the things that have been a horror along Merseyside and a menace to white women are likely to be wiped out of existence. Liverpool's police recommended that one offender should escape being sent out of the country because he had an English wife. Heaven help such women and their unfortunate little ones.

A "Dreamland" Nightmare.

In the "Dreamland" Zoo, at Margate, there is a little dog shut up in a cage with a lion cub. The cub is apparently less than a year old, and seems to take a friendly interest in its canine companion in captivity, but sooner or later it will develop a more ferocious instinct, when the denouement will, no doubt, be funny for everybody, including the people who pay sixpences to see the outrageous spectacle, but certainly excepting the little dog. Where is the local officer of the R.S.P.C.A.?

Hampshire Homes for Heroes.

The Hedge End Parish Council have declined to reduce the rent of the Council houses—now 9s. a week, exclusive of rates—on the grounds that the tenants are not agricultural labourers, and that the financial position of many of them justifies the present rent. In one household last week 15s. had to feed a man and wife and three children, and several are occupied by ex-Service men and widows who have a hard struggle for existence. The favoured few who are financially prosperous are apparently the local rate collector and the road surveyor!

Luxury and the Labourless.

A wonderful twenty-seater motor coach of the most luxurious type, representing the last word in comfort, has made its appearance recently on the roads round about Margate, Minster and Wingham, and has excited the admiration of all beholders, excepting the hundreds of workless ex-Service men who stand by in forced idleness and take particular notice of the fact that a woman is employed as conductor. Mr. Tobin, the proprietor, may be congratulated upon his enterprise, but we cannot commend his "new departure" in this respect.

Use His Own Coin.

The Corporation of Edinburgh is buying land for house-building from the Earl of Moray. But the noble lord wants £42,000, and the Corporation can only afford £35,000. The easiest way out would be for the Corporation to pay what the land is assessed at. That would make His Grasping Lordship sit up.

The Limit.

It is a fact that enterprising American firms have approached British shipowners with the offer of special facilities for relieving them of superfluous liquor stores once the three-miles limit is reached and returning them on the resumption of the trip for a small commission. Surely the limit in Dry humour.

Consistency is a Virtue.

The smug Sabbatarians of Southend who sit on the Committee of the Victoria Hospital recently refused a cheque for £50 offered them by the National Sunday League on the ground that the money was obtained by Sunday performances. We note, however, that they announce with gratification that they raised £400 by a house-to-house dinner-table collection taken on a recent Sunday. For what they have received may the Lord make them truly thankful—and teach them the true spirit of charity.

Bradford's Blunderers.

Four hundred unemployed Bradford men, needing jobs and preferring them to doles, could have been provided with twelve weeks' work had the City Council gone ahead with the Park Committee's scheme for making a new road. Not being a brainy lot, the Council turned the scheme down. Now the Guardians are paying the men about £1,000 a week for doing nothing. Next November some members of the Council should also be amongst the unemployed.

The Table of Death.

"In ten years," states Mr. Morris, the House Governor of the London Hospital, "there have been 128,947 operations under anæsthetics, and only 50 deaths—equal to 1 in every 2,578 cases." It sounds very reassuring, but on the very day the statement was made, the East London Coroner held inquests on three persons who died in one day under anæsthetics. But then, statistics can be made to prove anything. An inquiry into the whole matter must be held immediately.

Foreigners First?

We should be glad if Lord Inchcape, as Chairman of the P. and O. Steam Navigation Co., would explain why a Goanese chef should be appointed to the s.s. *Plassy*, to replace the English chef who was transferred to another of the company's ships when she was in London recently. If the only idea of economy Lord Inchcape brought back from India is to give Portuguese subjects preference over many well-qualified British ex-service men it is not ours, nor, we think, that of hundreds of passengers who travel eastward by P. and O.

This Freedom!

In the days of the war Henry Alexander D.C.M., of Ipswich, was given the Freedom of the Borough in recognition of his war gallantry. In the days of peace work was hard to find, and for two years Alexander has hawked fruit from a barrow in the town, thereby earning 30s. or 35s. a week to support his wife and two children. Last week he was summoned for obstructing the thoroughfare and fined 5s., the Magistrate magnanimously remarking that he did not wish to deprive him of his living. Now he is wondering what this "Freedom" is worth!

Another Emigration Lure.

Sir George Fuller, the Premier of New South Wales, has sponsored another vast emigration scheme. The settlers are to be thoroughly trained and loaned sums up to £500, to enable them to start on their own account. It sounds all right, and we hope nothing will go wrong. Too much has already been heard of starved and ruined emigrants.

One-sided.

There may be some excuse for the inability of our authorities to enforce the deportation of Russian undesirables in face of the absence of papers proving their nationality, but there is no excuse at all for the folly of receiving the scum of Russia landed here on deportation orders from the Soviets on the mere assertion that they are British.

The Canteen Ramp.

A kilderkin of beer is nominally 18 gallons. The manager of an ordinary inn is expected to show receipts for the sale of 17 gallons on such a barrel, the balance being allowed for wastage. In the N.A.A.I.F. Canteens the manager has to account for at least 18 gallons, and if his accounts show a deficit he gets the sack. Now we can understand why Tommy complains of the quality of his beer.

Swindled by Germans.

Not only are the Germans twisting this country out of its Reparations, but they are swindling our Excise Revenue by smuggling spirits. The Customs Officials say that this is getting very serious. The Germans sell these smuggled spirits at enormous profits and are making a regular trade of it. Two of them were caught at Swansea and fined £10 12s. 4d. They deserved a far worse fate.

Co-op. Profiteers.

When will the Government have the courage to tackle the Co-operative Societies and bring them into line with other trading companies for Income Tax? No one now pretends that these societies are run for any other object than dividends. They sweat their workers until even the Trade Unions call them out on strike. And yet their huge accumulation of £55,000,000 is allowed to go untouched. If such Societies are run for the benefit of members this sum should not be kept from them.

Collecting a Fine.

Because his chimney caught fire during his absence from home, a Cleethorpes ex-Service man named Blyth was fined 5s. and 3s. costs, and allowed seven days in which to pay. His wife, who is a cripple, was taken seriously ill with a heart attack in consequence of the excitement, and the fine remained unpaid. The majesty of the law, however, must be vindicated at all costs, and a distress warrant was issued with the threat that it would be put into execution unless the money was forthcoming in three hours. To bully a distracted man in this manner can only bring the law into contempt.

Fenwick's Little Fish.

Fenwick, of Starkie Street, Preston, who advertises spare time homework by which £3 weekly may be earned, no doubt thinks little fish are sweet, for he charges only 1s. 3d. for his "Genuine Money Making Ideas." Even this small sum, however, is a lot to pay for recipes for hair-curling and anti-tobacco nostrums and a catalogue of similar rubbish for which further charges are made. Fenwick is one of the most persistent fee-snatchers in this class of business, and must make a small fortune out of unfortunate unemployed people who hopefully swim into his net.

Cat-fishing Cruelty.

For sickening cruelty it would be hard to beat the practice of catching cats by fish-hooks in order to make profit out of the sale of their skins. Two small boys took their pet cat to the North Kensington Dispensary for sick animals, and in the gullet was found a large hook attached to a length of copper wire. What fiends there be to be sure!

Holidays in June.

"Take your holidays in June," say the railway companies. "More room in the train, more hours of sunshine and less of a crush at the seaside or country." Excellent! And here is another thing worth remembering: "John Bull's" Free Home Insurance Gift still remains in force whilst you are away at your hotel, boarding house or apartment, and it also covers your luggage. But you must be a *registered* reader. A word to the wise. . . .

Pots and Kettles.

Met in solemn assembly, the Church of Scotland has, with eyes turned heavenward, deeply deplored the fact that naughty men play golf on Sundays. Apart from the wickedness of it, we would like to ask the Church of Scotland what it is doing to counteract the "evil." At the same Assembly it was admitted that in many centres "were found clergymen whose greatest ambition seemed to be to become the best dancers in the parish." And yet these pots are annoyed at the kettle's blackness!

Know Your Limits

By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

A PROFESSIONAL man recently deceased once confessed that he had wasted much of the earlier part of his life hunting for happiness in the wrong place.

Like many others, up to middle age he believed himself to be the possessor of exceptional powers and fully expected these to raise him to great heights.

He only discovered his mistake after half a lifetime spent in the vain pursuit of a kind of success he was not fitted to attain and would not have enjoyed.

Being a sensible man he faced the facts, moderated his desires, and passed the remainder of his days in quiet usefulness and peace of mind.

Most of us at one time and another squander our force in striving for the unattainable.

This is usually because experience has not yet taught us where our boundaries lie.

Some men never learn to estimate themselves aright. They strain and strive unceasingly, "scorn delights and live laborious days," endure bitter disappointments and mortifications in the futile endeavour to compass what is too big for them.

High aspiration is a fine thing; so is dogged resolve; but no amount of either will make up for lack of the gifts necessary for filling a special sphere with credit.

It is admirable not to know when you are beaten, and praiseworthy to persevere till you have gained your end, but it is folly to aim at the wrong objective and persist in the error.

To attempt too little is as blameworthy as to attempt too much.

He is a sorry creature who is content to shuffle through life with no effort to excel.

But vastly to be pitied is he who breaks his heart in the endeavour to accomplish what is not his task and is disillusioned too late.

True wisdom is shown by knowing our limits and doing our best within them. Therein also is happiness.

Absurd.

At the moment when a Select Committee is discussing the advisability of legalising betting in order to provide revenue, the authorities have issued secret instructions for a new war on bookmakers. Could official absurdity go further?

Sweated Bosses.

It is far better to be a housemaid than the Master of the Wigton Workhouse. The Guardians there have just appointed a new Master, but refused him the usual "salary" of £95 per annum, and granted him £80. Is it strange that people reason that it is better to do no work for a 29s. dole than boss the Workhouse for 30s. He would be better off as an Inmate of his own "House."

Birth Control.

In criticising George C. Foster, of 11, Plaslet Lane, E., we called him a pushing disciple of Dr. Stopes. We are glad to have the assurance of Dr. Stopes that she does not countenance his methods, and has no connection with his business. As a matter of fact, she took steps to make Foster destroy his letter-paper, and compelled him to give undertakings to cease suggesting that he was in any way connected with her. A very proper action.

Safe for a Year.

John Hegarty, Denmark Road, Moss Side, Manchester, whilst drun, attempted to start his motor-car and fell over its bonnet. It was well he did. Had he started the car he might have found the coroner a job. The forty-shillings fine he had to pay is not stiff, but the additional part of the verdict which prevents him driving a motor during the next twelve months is sensible. Give up motoring for the public good and drinking for your own. That is our advice to John.

Tragic Carelessness.

A disgraceful laxity evidently obtains at the Nell Lane Hospital, Manchester. A woman patient was given an ounce-dose of carbolic oil in mistake for her medicine, and died as a result. One nurse left the oil on the medicine chest after using it to lubricate an instrument used on another patient. Another nurse, seeing it there, for some unaccountable reason gave it to the woman as medicine. The nurses in question were probationers, and the question arises: Why are half-baked nurses allowed to act in this haphazard way?

A Sweet Morsel.

Will the new Government give their attention to the sugar problem? Mr. Baldwin says that a reduction in sugar duty, while stimulating consumption, will not lower its price. But four of the chief sugar merchants have waited on him to point out that the world's price of sugar is determined irrespective of taxation, and if the duty is reduced the price of sugar to the consumer would be proportionately less. So the whole responsibility for maintaining the present high cost rests with the Government.

The Shilling Snatcher.

It is some time since we referred to C. R. Shilling, the notorious nurseryman, of Winchfields, Hants, who advertises shilling lots of plants, but it is evident that he has not mended his ways. A reader who sent him an order with 5s. on April 18th received the usual acknowledgment about a week later, but though he has since written three times asking for the delivery of the goods, or the return of his money, he can get no answer. Gardening enthusiasts will be well advised to keep their shillings in their pockets rather than entrust them to Shilling the shilling-snatcher.

The Woman Who Pays

A Case for Mercy

WE are sure that all people of goodwill, a phrase which includes nearly a million readers of JOHN BULL, will support us in our appeal to the Home Secretary to do a kindly and courageous act, and restore to liberty the unfortunate young girl, Lily Dunnigan, who is now languishing in Walton Jail.

Poor Lily is one of the pathetic examples of the cruel truth that it is the woman who pays. When only a girl, she was betrayed by a man who deserted her after her child was born.

In sorrow and suffering, she went through the ordeal of unmarried motherhood, and when another man came to her, promising to smoothe her path and to give her the happiness she had so tragically missed, she was foolish and trustful enough to believe him. He, too, betrayed her under the promise of marriage, and deserted her when she was again about to give birth to a child.

The double desertion, the realisation that she had again been deceived and abandoned, drove her to the verge of madness. In a fit of grief and despair she drowned her child.

The men who had betayed her went free. Poor Lily went to jail. That was in 1919. She is in jail still. To add to her anguish and suffering, her second child was born in prison.

Is this unhappy girl more of a criminal than the callous brutes who betrayed and deserted her, and who are free to continue their career of shameless meanness and treachery?

Will humanity be irrecoverably outraged if this poor unmarried mother is given a chance to rebuild her shattered life? Surely one might take the risk in such circumstances.

It would not be a startling innovation. Mercy, for example, was shown to the girl, Edith Mary Roberts, who, in a spasm of panic-terror, killed her illegitimate child.

In her case, after our persistent and urgent appeals, the Home Secretary generously intervened. She was permitted to serve only a year of her sentence, which had been commuted to penal servitude for life, and was then released.

Lily Dunnigan has served four years. Apart from any question of generosity, is she not entitled, as of right, to the same consideration that was shown to Edith Roberts?

It may be beyond the power of the Home Secretary to prevent the activities of the low and heartless blackguards who are responsible for the condition of such women as these. But it is not beyond his power to make the atonement that Society surely owes to those whom it has been unable to protect against the dangers which confronts them under our existing social system.

In the name of charity, in the name of humanity, we ask that the persecution of this guilty but unhappy woman should now cease.

The law has been vindicated. Let mercy also have an opportunity of vindication.

A Bold Bad Bishop!

IN this article we draw the attention of the public to the ways of a so-called Bishop, who is a humbug and impostor of the worst type. For years he has lived upon the generosity of the public whom he has duped in the sacred name of charity. Below we give our reasons why he should be given a wide berth.

IF any of our readers receive letters from the Right Reverend Bishop McLaglen, D.D., making appeals for various philanthropic objects, we advise them to put them straight away into the fire.

The Bishop, in spite of his right reverend title, is a sanctimonious and canting old humbug, who for years has been plundering the public and living in luxury on the money extorted from them by his whining letters and impudent falsehoods.

We can pass over his Bishopric in a sentence. It has no relation to any well-known religious body in this country. He says that he was consecrated a Bishop under "the powers of the *chorepiscopus*," by a Vartabed (some strange species of Armenian) named Leon Checkemian. The ceremony took place at an obscure East End tabernacle in the presence of a number of very doubtful claimants to similarly remote and controversial religious authority.

But our objection to him is not on account of his claim to be a Bishop, even of the Vartabed variety. We denounce him, not for his episcopal apron and gaiters, but for his almost unholy skill in making charity cover a multitude of sins.

For the greater part of his life he has been collecting money to run day nurseries for infant children, soup kitchens for the poor, and other similar enterprises. The manner in which he has conducted them has had the result of putting his name long ago on the Cautionary List of the Charity Organisation Society.

Nobody knows how much money he gets from these appeals, as he does not follow the usual procedure of issuing balance sheets. The word of a Vartabed bishop is all the guarantee of good faith he deigns to offer. It is not worth a row of beans.

A visitor to one of his crèches, at that time situated at 38, Martha Street, St. Georges-in-the-East, found several infant children there, in a dirty room, in charge of a matron who appeared to be in ill-health herself. The food was indifferent; there were dirty bits of carpet on the floor, very little furniture, and a painful air of discomfort and squalor.

At that period the Bishop was living in a fine place at Hampstead. The cost of running this crèche could not have been more than a few pounds a week, a very small proportion of his probable income from charity.

When, some time ago, he prosecuted a secretary for theft at the London Sessions, the evidence showed that sums varying from £20 to £80 per week were received in reply to his appeals to his public.

For many years he lived in a well-appointed house at Chiswick, with fourteen rooms, where he appeared to enjoy every comfort, and brought up a large family.

At another time he ran a crèche at the corner of Dean Street, Commercial Road, E., and got some independent people to sit on the Committee. One of them, growing suspicious of the administration, paid a surprise visit to the crèche, and, in consequence of what he saw, as to the manner in which the Bishop took charge of the cash, immediately resigned!

Other people, who were induced to give their names to this disreputable old rascal's charities, obviously did not make adequate preliminary investigations. Mr. Lloyd George, when he was Prime Minister, and Mrs. Lloyd George, were induced to become patrons in some of his enterprises, and in one of them the Duchess of Westminster was actually described as treasurer. We may assume that they were impressed by that mysterious functionary called a Vartabed. Needless to say, they have long since withdrawn their patronage.

We do not know the value of a Vartabed Bishopric, and do not think it worth while to inquire. Other inquiries about the "Rt. Revd. Bishop" are more to the point, such as those made by the landlady at Wandsworth, where he lived for some time last year in lodgings with a small boy, and left without paying his rent.

Another gentleman who is very anxious to find the elusive Bishop is Mr. L. Schwartz, who built a soup kitchen for him in a disused public-house called the "Duke of Kent," which McLaglen ran in connection with a mission and a crèche.

Mr. Schwartz has not been paid by this Vartabedian Bishop.

It seems a rather unepiscopal way of meeting tradesmen's bills. But it is characteristic of McLaglen. Last year he tried to run a concert at the Battersea Town Hall under the patronage of the Mayor. Fortunately the Mayor found out who the Bishop was, and the concert did not take place, which says much for the perspicacity of the Mayor.

It is a scandal that a man of this kind, "consecrated" a Bishop in a tin-pot East End tabernacle, by an Armenian who claimed also to be a Bishop, should be able to raise monies on the strength of distinguished British names, and in the sacred cause of charity, and take what share he likes of the proceeds without giving regular and properly vouched accounts.

This is a gross imposition, and it is a great pity that some more drastic means of dealing with this canting old humbug cannot be found than an exposure which has no possibility of touching his conscience, and turning him, after all these years of imposture, to better ways.

STARVATION OR CRIME!

IS there any power in this country that will see justice done to a young ex-soldier. Richard Orford, of 31, Carlton Grove, Peckham, who is being punished and persecuted for a crime which he resolutely maintains that he did not commit, and which, in any case, he has expiated by imprisonment.

On being demobilised with no other resources but a wound pension of seven shillings a week, he joined the Royal Irish Constabulary. A new recruit, he was sent to Galway, and while on duty there was suddenly arrested and charged with attempted murder. There had been a fracas in the town, the "Black and Tans" were suspected of having caused it, and young Orford fell under suspicion.

He states that he was in bed in barracks at the time the assault took place. He produced the orderly sergeant, to whom he gave his name on roll call at 10 p.m. He produced the orderly who was on duty in the corridor outside his bedroom all night—the alleged assault took place at midnight—and he produced the constable who got him out of bed at three o'clock in the morning for an inspection prior to his going on patrol. All these people found him in order and sober. The man who committed the assault was sworn to be drunk.

After two days' consideration by the court-martial, Orford was found guilty, and sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. The unhappy young fellow was dragged away like a felon and cast into Dartmoor Jail.

He took the punishment like a man. He wrote to his people and said that there had been a miscarriage of justice, but that he never doubted his country would see him right.

When peace between England and Ireland was declared he was amnestied. The gate of his prison was opened and he was flung into the street.

To-day he is still walking the streets, looking for work. He cannot get it. Why? Because the authorities have all his papers, from his birth certificate to his satisfactory Army discharge, and his references before he joined the R.I.C.

In vain he has begged for these documents to be handed back to him. But officials ignore his pathetic appeals. They have stopped his pension. They have withheld his papers, which, in plain words, means that they have stolen his character.

Who is responsible? Respectfully and firmly we put that question to the new Prime Minister. Somewhere among his officials there is one who retains the documents which are vital to Orford—but which are of no use to anybody else. We ask Mr. Baldwin to take this matter up and see that justice is done.

A £4,000,000 Ramp!

THE War has been over for nearly five years yet here is one of the greatest of its scandals just being revealed. Out of £10,000,000 belonging to ex-soldiers and their dependents, pledged to them by the Great Kitchener himself, millions of pounds have disappeared. Once again ex-soldiers, so often disappointed, so much in need, are deprived of their right.

MR. STANLEY BALDWIN, the new Prime Minister, is a man of business. We hope that he will show greater business efficiency and greater resolution than his predecessors in dealing adequately with what is the greatest official scandal of the war, the still unsettled question of the disposal of the profits of the Expeditionary Force Canteens.

A Select Committee of the House of Commons is at present sitting to consider this matter. But the manner in which it is tackling it is giving rise to grave uneasiness.

The outstanding fact is that some millions of pounds which clearly belong to ex-soldiers and their dependents has been lost, and that in spite of previous inquiries no adequate explanation has been given.

Lord Wolmer, who has done his best to elucidate this appalling bungle, the other day offered evidence before the Select Committee that crepe de Chine nightdresses and things of that kind had been sold by the Canteen authorities, and offered as evidence photographs showing these things actually on sale. Sir Frederick Banbury, the Chairman, dismissed this evidence with the observation that the Committee could not take notice of photographs. Shall we get the truth of mismanagement and illegitimate trading and outrageously misdirected enterprise in this spirit?

When the story of the war comes to be written, we shall learn to appreciate to the full the romance of the history of the Expeditionary Force Canteens. It was an improvised body, run by civilians for the benefit of Tommy Atkins. It supplied the serving soldier in the field with most of his wants. The serving soldier was deeply grateful. He showed it by paying for everything he got, and by paying for it at the full market price. And all this he did out of his shilling a day.

He was told by Lord Kitchener, who was Minister of War, and therefore spoke for the Government, that the profits made by the Expeditionary Force Canteens would be reserved, and after the war distributed for the benefit of the soldiers when they returned to civil life, and to the dependents of such of them who might never come back.

Tommy Atkins was satisfied. He knew that a profit was being made out of him. But he did not mind.

When the war was over the business of the Expeditionary Force Canteens closed down in April, 1919. Auditors, appointed by the Army Council, presented the final accounts and balance sheet. They showed a profit-balance of over £10,000,000—a balance that, belonged to the ex-soldiers and their dependents.

The scandal is that this ten million pounds has not been handed over to the people to whom it belongs.

Instead of paying it over, the Army Council formed a new body, the Navy and Army Canteen Board which took over the assets of the Expeditionary Force Canteens and proceeded to trade with them. In the course of that trading it made a loss in eighteen months of practically two and a half million pounds, in dealing with the assets so taken over. These figures are certified by Sir William Plender, G.B.E., the famous accountant.

This loss, which has never been explained, was made by a body set up by the Government for its own purposes, that is to say, to, establish canteens for this new Peace Army. It is common and ordinary justice that the Government should meet that loss out of its own funds.

What it actually did was to recoup itself out of the pockets of the ex-soldiers, and out of the money that was due in so many cases to the widows and orphans of our fighting men!

It is an act of incredible meanness which in civilian life would be promptly dealt with by an action for wrongful conversion.

The Government covers up its tracks by saying that the Army and Navy Canteen Board, though it made these losses, made a profit in other respects, which is a poor answer to the ex-soldiers who have had to pay for losses made by a trading venture of the Government.

What we are not told is how much of these losses was due to bungling and gross mismanagement by officials which it is now proposed to charge against the ex-soldier.

Is it fair to debit in this way the loss made in connection with certain specific speculations? What of the charge that a German brewery was commandeered for the service of the Constantinople garrison, and consignment after consignment of malt was sent out to it shipload by shipload from England. The brewery could only use a fraction of this malt. Protest after protest was sent to England, but the malt continued to arrive. Most of it was wasted or sold for what it would fetch as fodder.

What of the charge that tinned butter was sent out to Constantinople by the ton. There was no cold storage for it. It perished—a loss of hundreds of pounds on one consignment alone!

What of the men engaged for canteen service in the East, and then kept for months unemployed in England on full pay and allowances?

So far the Government has handed over, or undertaken to hand over, about seven and a half million pounds, for distribution to the ex-soldiers and their dependents through the United Service Fund, which was presided over by Lord Byng. That leaves a balance of two and a half millions missing from the profit of ten millions.

But this is not all. In addition to this ten millions, which should be available for distribution, but is not, there is a further two millions in the shape of profits made by the Navy and Army Canteen Board. Clearly if this body can charge against the ex-soldier certain losses it made it must also present to him whatever profits it made.

The question therefore is no longer one of the figures. The ex-soldier wants to know whether the Government will honour its promise to return to him the profits made out of him during the war.

At the beginning of the war people at home started funds for providing cigarettes, razors, newspapers, Christmas puddings, and so forth, for the troops. After a time the Government issued instructions that it was not necessary for people to provide things of this kind, as the Government itself would do it.

Sir William Plender's report shows that the Government took over half a million from the profits of the Expeditionary Force Canteens and bought with it for the troops newspapers, literature, Christmas puddings, recreational kit, etc. In other words, it made Tommy Atkins pay himself for the comforts which the public wanted at its own expense to send to him!

The first thing that the Government must do is to decide its own problem, which is not one of figures, but of principle. It has to decide whether it will honour the promises made by Lord Kitchener on behalf of the country. That is not a responsibility it can loan out to anybody.

Further than that, we hope that investigations will also be made not only as to the real amount of the losses, but as to the people who got their share of the plunder. We do not believe the explanations hitherto given as to the loss of this enormous sum of money.

But the main point is that the Government must do its clear and urgent and imperative duty, and make good at once the sums that have been taken from the ex-Service men.

The war has been over for nearly five years. How much longer are these gallant fellows, and the widows and orphans of their dead comrades, to be kept out of what justly and of right belongs to them?

OUR THRUST AT A TRUST

Oil Men with Oily Methods

NOBODY doubts that there is oil in Arkansas, any more than that there is oil in Texas, despite the efforts of Lord Haldon, by means of his plot-pushing tendencies, to bring the latter State into disrepute.

His Lordship's activities appear to have stimulated the imagination of two gentlemen staying at the Hotel Metropole, London, England, who within the past few days have registered at Somerset House a private company called the Cambrian Trust, Ltd. Why "Cambrian," we don't know.

The capital of the trust is £4,000, of which £2,102 has been paid up. John Factor, a broker, and Samuel Benjamin Getzlee, an optician, each having subscribed 1,000 shares. We wonder if we should be frightfully wide of the mark if we guessed that these gentlemen hail from the land of the Stars and Stripes. Another 100 of the shares are divided between Major Gerald Steele and Mr. George Peel Leby, both of London, and two clerks, with one share each, complete the list.

The Cambrian Trust has lost no time in deluging the country with offers of oil land plots in Arkansas. You can, apparently, buy from the Trust as many of these plots as you like at the price of £5 each, and out of every £5 so paid 10 per cent. is to be immediately deposited with "our bankers" (not specified) and held *in escro* for the purpose of conducting geological and drilling operations. The other 90 per cent. will, we take it, be held *in escro* or otherwise by the Cambrian Trust.

"The owner of any plot on which oil is discovered will be immediately notified by cable and arrangements will be completed whereby they receive 50 per cent. of the net profits derived from the oil production, the remaining 40 per cent. to be divided among all the other plot holders, and 10 per cent. for the promoters, The Cambrian Trust, Ltd."

It will thus be seen that the Cambrian Trust stands in at the beginning and is still at the receipt of custom when the end is reached.

We like the frankness with which the Cambrian Trust acknowledges that this is a speculation. Not the least part of the speculation, we should say, is to be found in the "definite guarantees" extended to every unit holder by the Cambrian Trust. How much is it going to guarantee with its capital of £2,000.

At Somerset House there is nothing to show that the Cambrian Trust has anything to sell of its own, or anything to sell on commission for anybody else. It is simply inviting the public to subscribe to a blind pool, relying on stories of the fabulous wealth of the Rockfellers or other lucky mortals or immortals, and incidentally securing for itself not only an initial cash profit, but a prospect of further increment should a unit-holder happen to strike it rich. JOHN BULL has refused to accept the advertisement of the scheme.

THE SUFFERING MOTHER

Here is the story of a mother who was torn from her child by a Christian organisation which sent the girl abroad. It reveals the need for a less heartless system in dealing with mothers legally separated from their husbands.

POOR Mrs. Warman of Custom House, E., sinned, but the Christian precept has it: "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." It would seem that the law, aided by so-called Christian organisations, not only casts stones but breaks hearts.

This woman married at an early age and bore seven children, one of whom died. For reasons which do not affect the issue, the couple quarrelled and kept on quarrelling.

The almost inevitable sequel occurred. The woman met a man, who seemed helpful and sympathetic. She fell to his blandishments. And her husband divorced her.

Legally he retained the custody of the children. But he agreed to let her keep the children for a time. Finally the three children, girls, were placed in the St. Mary's Home, Walthamstow, and the three boys into the Catholic Home at North Hyde.

Now, we have no kick in particular against this home, whose commendable boast is that "no Catholic child who is really destitute or whose faith is in danger, and who cannot be otherwise provided for, is ever refused." But what about the faith of the poor mother? Is that of no account?

She sent them parcels and letters. Why, then, did she receive no reply from them? She was not aware of it at the time, but she has since been informed that the little girls did not receive her letters.

Here was a woman who was paying grievously for her sin; the man who had promised her marriage had run away abroad and left her to face the ordeal alone. In these circumstances we would have expected exceptionally sympathetic treatment from authorities who fly the Christian flag. It is true that the children were in the "official" custody of the father. But since the home was helping the children rather than him, a more neutral and less official attitude should have been adopted.

For see what happened. The mother had now met the right sort of man who turned out trumps. He knew all about her, respected her and finally they were married. This man declared to our representative that she is "as straight and true a mother and woman as anyone alive." The pair are exceedingly happy. The husband has taken unto his fold the child who was unfortunately begot, together with another child of the new marriage. The mother's feelings, however, naturally went out to her forlorn children at the home. She called unexpectedly at the Walthamstow Home. The authorities very kindly allowed her to see the two little ones. The third, if you please, had been sent away that very morning to far-away Canada!

Imagine the feelings of a mother. Not a word had been sent her of this intention; not a breath of warning that she might never see her child again. No wonder she went to see Father Craven at the Crusade of Rescue, Compton Street, Russell Square. She thought he might be able to help her. That worthy, however, passed her on to his secretary, who pointed out "very politely" the bare legal position—that there was no reason or right to communicate with her; that the father was the guardian of the children. She, as a mother, did not count.

She came straight to us from the office of the Crusade of Rescue, carrying a little baby in her arms, and with tears in her eyes. The treatment meted out to her had well nigh broken her heart. She could not be consoled.

"Say what they like," she said, "they cannot take the right to motherhood from me! . . . . And they *will* not take my child. I will go to Canada, when I have got my fare together to find her and fetch her home!"

If it is right and proper for a Christian organisation to deny a mother even the opportunity of saying good-bye to her child, then heaven help Christianity!

A TRAGEDY OF RED TAPE

This is one of the saddest and most reprehensible cases of blundering and brazen hard-heartedness it has ever fallen to our lot to disclose. An Australian war hero, who travelled to this country to serve, is suffering for the mistake of an official.

IN what direction is Roy Tyley, an Australian who served in the Great War, and is now stranded in this country, to look for help?

He is unemployed and without resources on which to support his wife and two children. He has had four months' work in the way of odd jobs last year. He has had five weeks' work this year, and is steadily drifting into the Legion of the Lost Ones, whose painful peregrinations to Australia House we recently described in this journal.

No blame is to be attributed to Tyley for being in this country. He came to Europe to fight the Germans. An Australian born, he was before the war a sailor plying between his own country and American ports. Landing at California, he travelled overland to New York, where he sought to get enlisted into the Australian Army.

He was told that this could not be done in New York, but he could either return to Australia and enlist there, or join the British Army as a Colonial Volunteer in New York.

He chose the quicker course, enlisted in New York, came to England, and went to France with the 9th Battalion Scottish Rifles. He was wounded in the leg, was gassed, and suffered from trench feet. He did not complain. He had satisfaction from knowing that he had done his bit.

When the war was over he found himself in the Army of Occupation in Germany, where he applied to be repatriated to Australia. He was promised this privilege when he enlisted, together with a discharge gratuity of fifty pounds, as a Colonial soldier.

He did not get the fifty pounds.

Neither was he repatriated. His form of application was filled up by an Army clerk who, by some mistake, claimed that he should be repatriated, not to Australia, but to New York, where he enlisted.

As the result of that error, he was told that he could not be repatriated unless he paid the difference—ten pounds—between the fare to New York and to Melbourne. In other words, he was to pay for the mistake of the Army clerk.

He pointed out the error when his attention was drawn to it. He plainly stated that he had not got the ten pounds, and would not pay it if he had. In this he was perfectly justified.

The correspondence dragged on, until he learned that he had lost his discharge gratuity for several reasons, one being that he had not returned to Australia, which seemed to him, as it seems to us, to be adding insult to injury.

There he is, in any case, walking the streets of London, down at heel, hungry and broken, all because an Army clerk made a mistake in filling up Army Form "Z" 7.

He has a job waiting for him in Australia, where his brother is anxious for his return. He cannot go. Army Form "Z" 7 bars the way.

It is a monstrous story of the havoc caused by red-tape: of the suffering inflicted on those who have no influence to help them to get justice.

Tyley went to Australia House. The name of that place seemed to hold out some hope of comfort. He did not get it. He was told there that nothing could be done for him; that Winchester Repatriation Depot, where the correspondence was, had closed down, and that he could not be emigrated to Australia because of the bar of his birth. An Australian cannot be emigrated to Australia.

All that he could learn at Australia House is that his is a case for the Commonwealth Government. But he is without means and it is a far cry from the unemployed benches on the Thames Embankment to the sun-lit capital of the Australian Commonwealth.

Do the Australian people approve of the official methods which have stranded this Australian soldier? We do not for one moment believe they do. And we are confident that the publicity given to this tragedy of errors will restore Roy Tyley to his home.

TAVERNER IN A TANTRUM . . . . . Sanctimonious Swindler Bullies a Woman

WILLIAM TAVERNER, whose sanctimonious swindle in connection with the National House Purchase, Limited, and Quarterly Dividends, Limited, we had occasion to expose in a recent issue, is in a fine tantrum.

Fearing, no doubt, that our exposure would have the effect of diminishing the number of dupes through whose astonishing credulity he contrives to live a life of comparative ease, he set out on the warpath shortly after the publication of our article.

What a warrior!

Armed with a lemon-coloured letter heading setting forth the claims to consideration of his two patron companies, he descended, not upon Long Acre, but upon an inoffensive woman who keeps a newsagent's shop in Ilfracombe, and who had exhibited a placard with reference to his shady activities.

Here is his ammunition:—

16th May, 1923.

To Miss ———.

Dear Sir—

I the undersigned William Taverner, of 6, Brookdale Avenue, Ilfracombe, being the person purporting to be referred to in the current issue of JOHN BULL, hereby warn you that the said paper contains a scurrilous and abusive and untrue libel against myself personally and two organisations with which I am associated.

It is untrue to say that I have ever attempted to Register a Friendly Society, it is untrue to say that the National House Purchase, Ltd., has ever attempted to secure Registration under the Friendly Societies Act and been refused or Quarterly Dividends, Ltd., either. I specially direct your attention to the contents bill now exhibited at your premises, and should the same not be withdrawn within five minutes of handing you this letter, I reserve to myself the right to sue you personally for damages, irrespective of any criminal or other procedure that I may be advised to take against the paper, as by such exhibition you are aiding and abetting the publication of this libel.

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM TAVERNER.

Observe the gallantry of this pious individual, setting out in full array to do battle for his honour! He seeks no Goliath to take up his challenge, but approaches a defenceless woman!

Can it be that William Taverner, sometime Secretary of the Spurgeon Memorial Sermon Society, has forgotten the way to the Law Courts, or does some lingering memory of his condition and imprisonment for fraud in 1918 turn him aside from the straightforward path that leads either to vindication or to condemnation?

We wish for no more of Taverner's tantrums in which he bullies women with the idea of impressing the simple-minded chapel-goers who constitute the bulk of his dupes.

Meanwhile, we advise our readers to shun this sanctimonious scoundrel and turn a deaf ear to his hypocritical humbug.

THE "£400 A YEAR" JOKE!

Self Interest and State Service

by SIR JOHN FOSTER FRASER

ALL Parliamentarians get used to the charge, when candidates, that one of the reasons they want to enter the House of Commons is to grab that £400 a year salary.

And any pot-house buffoon, or fifth-rate red-nosed music-hall croaker, thinks he is entitled to make offensive jokes about M.P.s.

I have been a fairly close spectator of Westminster and its inhabitants for over thirty years, and would report that the intelligence of M.P.s is superior to that of most of their crude critics, and that for the services required £400 a year is paltry pay.

Having said that I would add that recent events have displayed that among our major politicians there are not a few who set a bad example to lesser men who daily go down to the House of Interminable Talk. They think a great deal of their personal dignity, magnify the importance of the party to which they belong, devote considerable plotting energy to downing the other fellows, and devote indifferent attention to the State.

THERE is much bellowing from platforms about the glories of democracy, but one of the evil accentuations of democratic government is that men are worrying about what the State should do for them instead of recognising what are their individual, sectional and collective duties to the State.

Generally I have a snort for the citizen who, whilst lamenting the poor calibre of men on the local Town Council, refuses to serve himself because he must devote time to his own business. And I feel scornfully inclined towards the man who as a politician has received large emoluments, been knighted, made a privy councillor, which provide him an asset as a company director, but who hesitates and then declines to sacrifice any of his new rewards when the call is made that once more he should become a servant of the State.

WHAT a contrast in example is provided by Mr. Reginald McKenna. Personally, I was never an enthusiastic admirer of his politics in the old days, and I do not pretend to know much about his qualities as a financier. What I do know is that he holds one of the most responsible banking positions in the world, that the City of London, the hub of international business, regards him as a man of high integrity and supreme financial ability, and that at the call of duty, namely, the invitation of the new Prime Minister, he is prepared to put all personal considerations on one side and, when he has recovered from his present illness, undertake the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, and devote his powers to the welfare of his country. That is what I call real practical patriotism.

It is all very well being a Socialist, or a Conservative, or a Liberal, or a shandy-gaff politician, or a high-souled mugwump; but much more important than hitching one's wagon to a caucus or running round, gingered with self-importance, protesting that our dignity is outraged, and trying to upset the apple-cart because we are not allowed to hold the reins, is to be ready to give a helping hand whenever it is required by our elected superiors. And that is just where several of our leading and distinguished politicians have revealed themselves in a murky light during the last week or two.

THE only Party that is cohesive is the Socialist. Liberals and Conservatives, like the man in Gus Elen's old song, don't quite know where they are. But what we should all know is, that personal squabbling is not good partisanship, and embittered partisanship often creates a sort of bastard patriotism.

Consequently I regard Mr. McKenna's promise to enter Mr. Baldwin's Government with unstinted admiration. The country will honour his devotion to the State, and let us hope that other statesmen of equal calibre will be prepared to sink their party allegiance in the higher loyalty which every citizen owes to the country of his birth.

SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

FINANCE has no politics. It permits the paltry pigmies who occupy the political stage to go through all their Budget tricks and bow before the deafening applause of those who believe in their antics. But it has no use for Parties, as such, and is supremely indifferent to the economic theories that are debated so heatedly.

Reginald McKenna has learnt this; and, as a consequence, he has practically ceased to be a Party politician. He used to be a Liberal with Conservative tendencies; now he is a Conservative with Liberal tendencies. For he has realised during the last two or three years that Finance is essentially conservative; and though he is an idealist he no longer believes that economics can be governed by Liberal shibboleths.

SEVEN months ago I said that Mr. McKenna might be induced to become the bankers' M.P., and every time there is a reshuffle of Cabinet posts, with a vacant Chancellorship floating about, he is approached through divers mysterious channels and entreated to leave the City for Westminster. The politicians would like to see him back. The bankers would like to see him back. Barring a few Diehards, everyone would like

The Rt. Hon. R. McKENNA.

to see him back—except Reginald McKenna. And the reason he doesn't want to see himself back is fairly clear.

TO start with, he is a man with a very orderly mind, systematic in his treatment of affairs, scrupulous in method, prim in manner. He is in his element as chairman of a Board of Directors, where everyone comprehends the business under discussion and no one wanders from the point. On the other hand, he is hopelessly at sea as a member of a Cabinet where everyone misunderstands the business of everyone else and points are chiefly made in order that some fool may wander from them as far as possible!

His experience of Cabinets, which included Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George, was of such a terrifying nature that the frantic appeals of personal friends were not sufficient to lure him back to political life. Even now, as I write these lines, it is not absolutely certain that he will return; but if he does, it will be because the Prime Minister has urged him to do so on higher than personal grounds. Mr. Baldwin's offer was the calm and considered statement of a man who doesn't deal in rhetoric that Mr. McKenna is literally the only possible person for the job.

THE Premier realises that this is not the time for a departmental Chancellor. The entire civilised world must stand or fall in the course of the next few years on the handling of international finance, and it is of supreme importance that the Exchequer should be managed by someone who has his finger on the pulse of the banking system.

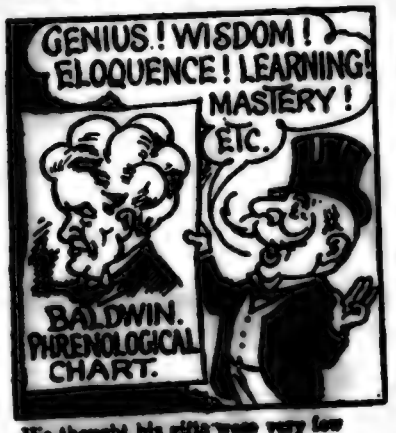
In short, we want a Chancellor who will run the Exchequer, not an Exchequer that will run its Chancellor. And that's why we want Mr. McKenna.

CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND

At last the Irish rebel bands
Are tired of war's alarms,
And now they're putting up their hands
And laying down their arms.

Our faces, scientists declare,
In type are growing stronger;
It may be so, but this we know,
That lots are growing longer.



We thought his gifts were very few
When he had other jobs on;
But now they've all come into view
—A crowd of 'em—with knobs on!

Tho' Baldwin poured the oil of peace
Upon the troubled waters,
The Tory split is still a bit
Unstuck in certain quarters.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.,
10, Downing Street.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—You've made a good start, and one of the things that pleased me most was your invitation to Mr. McKenna to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. Now I hear the Die-Hards are at you to cancel this invitation because in their opinion other people have prior claims. I don't care a hoot about priority of claim or any other mediæval method of selection. What we want is a man who can bring us back to financial prosperity and safety and McKenna is the very man for the job. So stick to your guns, sir, and tell the Die-Hards to keep out of the line of fire. JOHN BULL.

To EAMON DE VALERA,
Somewhere in Ireland.

SIR,—At last you have recognised the inevitable and thrown up the sponge, and just about time, too! Professing to love Ireland, you have done it more lasting harm than any other man in its history. What it needs is peace, and I hope the threatening snarl with which you have at last laid down your murderous automatic is no more than the last utterance of your thwarted pride, and that you will now devote your energies to the reconstruction of what you have destroyed. Bow to the will of the people like the democrat you profess yourself to be, and you may yet develop into a useful citizen. JOHN BULL.

To Dame NELLIE MELBA,
London.

MADAME,—Your failure to keep faith with the British "Broadcatchers" amounts almost to a failure to keep faith with the British people. I am not concerned with the reasons behind your decision, but you hold such a high position in the profession you adorn that you should be above being influenced by subsidiary considerations. You might, with advantage, have given the great listening-in public the pleasure they had looked forward to for so long. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. C. C. B. BARDSLEY, M.A.,
Hon. Sec., Church Missionary Society.

SIR,—I hope you've taken to heart the disclosure made by Lord Selborne at the centenary meeting of the Colonial and Continental Church Society. When in Rhodesia recently he found that while there was a missionary society working strenuously for the heathen, there was no organisation to meet the needs of our own countrymen. I agree entirely with Lord Selborne that this is starting at the wrong end. Ignoring the crying needs of your own people your Society and others like it pour out two or three millions of pounds every year on the so-called "conversion" of black men, yellow men and brown men, while millions of our brother whites are in need, both physical and spiritual. Why not let your charity and good works begin at home? JOHN BULL.

THE WELSHER!

(The Germans are making another Reparations offer this week.)

AN INTERNATIONAL DERBY FORECAST.

To the Chairman, Bench of Magistrates,
Pontypool.

SIR,—By what right do you and your colleagues constitute yourselves a matrimonial agency? Charles Rees and Lucy Jenkins are the parents of three children, aged 12, 10 and 6. They abominably ill-treated them, allowing them to sleep out in bitter weather on the mountain-side, and were consequently summoned to appear before you. Your job was to punish them, but instead of doing so you adjourned the case for three weeks and told them that if they did not marry in that time they would be severely dealt with. This "marriage" may please the smug section of society in Pontypool, but what good do you think it will do to the wretched children?

JOHN BULL.

To A. B. DERHAM, Esq.,
Chief Constable, Blackpool.

DEAR SIR,—I like you. There is something delightfully human in the cheery letter you have written to Thomas Kirkham, a burglar whom you sent to penal servitude at Parkhurst. You told him you were sorry he would not be able to see the Blackpool carnival this year, but hoped he would be able to attend many in future. And you added that your detective officers were anxious to give him all the assistance they could when he removed his residence from the south to the north. Such kindliness to a man who has gone off the track is worthy of all praise. I congratulate Blackpool on its police, and particularly upon its Chief Constable.

JOHN BULL.

To KLEAGLE JOHN T. SLATTERY,
Envoy, Ku-Klux-Klan.

SIR,—It has come to my knowledge that you have reached Paris, on your roundabout journey to this country, and that you are now making preparations to sneak in here in order to start a branch of the Ku-Klux-Klan. My advice to you is to stay in Paris—or, better still, go back to America where you belong, though you're not wanted there either. We can look after our own laws without any help from you or your disreputable and nefarious organisation. We make a speciality of deporting undesirables, and if you wish to avoid that fate you will take our advice. Our justice may have flaws, but at least it is unprejudiced. Stay away. JOHN BULL.

To THOMAS COGHILL,
Keighley, Yorkshire.

SIR,—Yorkshiremen are generally fond of animals, and they will share my indignation at your abominable act of cruelty in sending a bulldog for a long railway journey trussed up in a box eighteen inches square. The poor beast could neither stand up nor move, its stomach was forced up into the forepart of its body and when it arrived at Melksham it was dead. I am glad to see that the Melksham Bench showed a proper abhorrence of your cruelty by fining you £25 and £15 15s. costs with the alternative of three months' imprisonment, and I rather hope you have been unable to find the money.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Rev. A. A. DAVID, D.D.,
Bishop of St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich.

MY LORD BISHOP,—You have only been to one race-meeting in your life, but you hope to attend the next meeting at Newmarket because you want to learn more about the racing world. That's the way to talk! If every parson would follow your example and get a little experience of these things, instead of denouncing them from the depths of his ignorance, the Church would be in a position to speak with far more authority and do far more towards remedying evils. JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

The Editor's Views on Vital Topics

OUR circulation continues its upward trend, breaking all records. The history of newspaper enterprise has given no more striking proof that nothing succeeds like success than the tremendous strides this journal is making. To-day we publish a further statement of certified net sales over a period of six months, which show that they have now reached the very impressive total of over eight hundred thousand copies a week.

Marching Steadily Along!

This gives us easily the largest circulation of any weekly periodical of the same price, published in any part of the world. We are naturally proud of this achievement, which is acknowledged to be one of the greatest triumphs of modern journalism.

We believe, too, that this progress, which has been steady and consistent, will continue. The country has recognised that our aims and objects are worthy of support, and that in producing a thoroughly independent and outspoken journal, courageous and incorruptible, we are not only meeting a much-needed want but also fulfilling a public duty.

"For the People—the right to Justice and Truth." That is the policy we have set before us—to expose the canting humbugs and smug swindlers who prey upon the innocent and unwary, to strip the mask from hypocrisy, to fight the battle of the poor and the ill-used, and to aid those who seek to help the lame dog over the stile, and in this respect our readers can assist us by bringing to our notice the activities of swindlers who come their way.

We have resolved that JOHN BULL, besides being a terror to evil-doers, in whatever class of society they lurk, shall also be the acknowledged medium whose help is sought by all people of good will pursuing worthy aims, and seeking to make the world better than they found it.

In this resolve we go steadily forward, gratified by the support we have received, resolute to deserve that ever-growing confidence, and looking confidently forward to reaching the million sale that we believe awaits us in the near future.

IN future the unfortunate voyager to the United States will have his horizon of hope constantly clouded by the terrible possibility that he may not be allowed to land, that he may be detained for examination at Ellis Island.

The Quota Culprits

An unpleasant thought, which travellers have been wont to banish as unlikely to materialise—that is, until the American Immigration Authorities took it into their heads the other day to hold up six passengers aboard the *Majestic* and seven aboard the *President Monroe*. From now onwards this thought, this serious apprehension, must be viewed as part and parcel of the risks one takes in visiting America.

And why must it be so? Why is it not possible to ensure a pleasant landing on the other side before leaving our own shores?

It is possible—but it is not done, simply because the officials on this side are not sensible enough to realise that it ought to be done.

The United States has established a law limiting immigrants to a certain number from each country per month. Britain's quota, like that of other countries, is exhausted. Unless a traveller can prove that he is simply on a business trip or on a short visit to friends, a Britisher has no more chance of entering America than has a Chinese.

But the British Passport Office does not seem to have yet awakened to this fact. It is content to allot passports with little discrimination and no limitation. It never thinks of pointing out to the hopeful, trusting emigrant that Britain's quota is exhausted. It never dreams of making sure that the persons to whom the passports are issued will be permitted to land. Its whole idea of efficiency seems to be to get out as many passports as is possible between yawns.

This sleepy department must be wakened up. If it can prove to the satisfaction of the higher authorities and to the people of this country that this most vitally important duty should not devolve upon it, then it is for the higher authorities to create at once means whereby the security of British voyagers can be assured. We want no more Ellis Island incidents.

A WONDERFUL SIX MONTHS' RECORD

The Directors, Odhams Press Ltd.,

Dear Sirs,—We have examined the Company's accounts and records for the six months ended 31st May, 1923, covering the undermentioned issues of JOHN BULL, and certify that the net sales (exclusive of all free copies), after deducting returns received during the week of each issue were as set out as follows:—

Dec. 2, 1922	507,091
„ 9	536,864
„ 16	552,144
„ 23	564,901
„ 30	579,838
Jan. 6, 1923	587,990
„ 13	594,344
„ 20	616,122
„ 27	621,238
Feb. 3	640,870
„ 10	668,496
„ 17	679,343
„ 24	685,834
Mch. 3	691,539
„ 10	706,503
„ 17	713,377
„ 24	749,658
„ 31	754,158
Apr. 7	773,344
„ 14	776,160
„ 21	784,463
„ 28	792,611
May 5	794,923
„ 12	796,427
„ 19	798,132
„ 26	815,832

(Signed) FRANKLIN WILD & CO.,
MARWICK MITCHELL & CO.,
Chartered Accountants, London, 1st June, 1923.

IT has not taken Mr. Baldwin long to get into his stride as Prime Minister. Not that the legacy left by his immediate predecessors in office was one to covet. Unemployment and overtaxation, the housing shortage, the vexed question of the Ruhr — these and a score of other problems are more than sufficient to tax the resources of the stoutest veteran.

A Tory Democrat

But Mr. Baldwin brings to his task a cheerful optimism, a proven courage and an equability of temper typified for readers of the picture papers by his inevitable briar pipe. Moreover, and this is all to the good, the new Prime Minister represents the younger and more progressive elements in the Conservative Party rather than the unrepentant Diehards.

With the stern unbending Toryism which opposes an unreasoning barrier to all reforms and looks to the dead past rather than the living present, he has nothing in common. Like Mr. Bonar Law, he is a business man first and foremost, and it will not be a bad thing to have a Prime Minister who regards the British Empire at the moment as a business concern in difficulties from which it can be extricated only by hard work and steady thinking.

"An acre in Middlesex," as Macaulay wrote, "is worth a kingdom in Utopia," and for ourselves we prefer the level-headed policy of Mr. Baldwin to the ranting fervour of his antagonists. Naturally we shall be critical of Mr Baldwin's administration, for the price of progress, as of liberty, is unceasing vigilance, yet when all is said we doubt very much whether there is any considerable section of the British public to-day which desires to see Mr. Baldwin make way for Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

The turn of the Labour Party no doubt will come, but it is not yet; it will come when that Party has learnt to distinguish power from violence, insolence from criticism, rhetoric from thought. Then perhaps we may salute a Labour Premier with the respect we offer to-day to the First Minister of the Crown.

LONDON has always been a place which the country cousin found full of booby-traps. Sir James Barrie, in his whimsical way, tells us that when he first came to the Metropolis he brought with him the advice of a good mother: always to walk in the middle of the street. It is a good plan, if one does not mind being run over.

London's Booby Traps

At least, it would keep those who follow it out of the flat-catching auction-shops that are springing up all over London. That anyone should be imposed upon by the specious rascals who run most of these establishments is surprising, except to those who know the "crook's" adage that a fool is born every minute of the day and night.

Perhaps the flats deserve no sympathy. They want to get gold watches, with pound notes thrown in, for a tithe of their value. But the law ought to distinguish more clearly between trade puffing and false pretences. The flat-catchers grow fat on the weakness of the law.

THE BETTER FOR BETTING!

by The Rt. Hon. Sir GILBERT PARKER, Bt.

ONE of the heroes of the world once said that we are a nation of shopkeepers. We were, however, strong enough to defeat him and send him into exile at St. Helena. We are still told by our foes that we are given up to sports and betting and prize-fighting, and that we are, therefore, on the path to ruin. In the late war we proved that the path to ruin is not trod by the most sporting nation in the world. One of the most significant examples of our quality was to be seen at Wembley, where the spirit of fair play and common sense turned what might have been a catastrophe into a national triumph of control. Never has there been a greater crowd, never one more amenable to natural discipline.

The world may now and then decry us, but we win because we have the sporting element so deep in us, and we play the game to the finish. Betting has increased in these islands, and the curious thing is that after every great war there has been over-expenditure and wild speculation. This one has been no exception. There was at first an orgy of extravagance and of crime, but that has almost ceased, and now we are back again very near the normal.

The sporting spirit is alive in us all, and behind it is not alone the desire to win money, but the excitement of the game. How few long faces you see after any sporting event!

The Government has decided to put a tax on betting and a committee has been appointed to see how it can be done. I predict with a sense of certainty that no tax will be more cheerfully paid, and that it will bring in a big revenue. The bigger the better in these days of exhausting taxation. Let us be sure of this: that behind the habit of betting there is the everlasting sense of give-and-take, which is a great essential in England's progress in the world.

People say—foreigners—that we take our defeats and our victories with composure. That is only partly true. Yet we feel deeply. Betting is part of our love of sports, and we will never give up our sports, and therefore we will never give up betting. Behind our sports is the outdoor spirit of this island people which have settled the uttermost parts of the world.

Betting is the tonic of sport, the condiments of the feast, the faster beating pulse of the man or woman who has worked hard and turns to sport as a salmon snaps at a fly or a shrimp or a minnow, not because it needs the food, but in the spirit of the waters.

It may be there is an abuse of betting here and there. Of course there is: there is abuse of eating and drinking and sleeping, but the individual abuse does not alter the worth of the thing. Betting would not be so common if it were inherently bad. The sentiment of the majority is generally right, and if betting, the child of sport, is bad, then we are the most deceptive nation on earth.

We are the only nation paying our debts of the late war, and sports, and the spirit behind the sports, enabled us to do it. It gives us fair play, staying power and the will to win. And we win.

A TASK FOR MR. BALDWIN

by A. G. GARDINER

I HOPE that Mr. Baldwin will find time to turn his attention without delay to the case of the pensioners, and especially of the aged poor. The war has hit many classes hard, but none quite so hard as the old and indigent. It has reduced the real value of the pittance they receive almost to zero, and left tens of thousands in desperate poverty.

This is not a Party question. The maintenance of the old, infirm and poor has always been recognised as the first duty of a civilised society. It used to be carried out in a penal spirit. The poor were kept alive, but they were kept alive as if their poverty was a crime, and they were branded with the stain of pauperism. The merit of the Old Age Pensions was that it did not humiliate the poor in relieving them. It left them their self-respect. It gave them the sense that they were members of a community with legitimate claims upon it, and not beggars at the gate.

That was a great advance. The self-respect of a people is its finest asset. And next to self-respect is the sense of security. The fear of poverty in old age is the nightmare of the poor. If we could lift that shadow we should give confidence to the working classes and, incidentally, make them concerned for the maintenance of that social order of which I wrote last week. The answer to Communism is simple. It is to show that under the existing social order the young have their opportunity, the workers have a fair reward and the old have security. The just State is a secure State whatever its economic basis may be.

For this reason I regard the question of old age pensions, not as a matter of sentiment, but as a problem of national security. If I am told that we cannot afford to build this buttress against discontent, my answer is that we cannot afford not to build it. In its present condition it is not merely inadequate: it is rotten. It is contemptible in amount and it begins too late.

How is it to be improved? There is much, I think, to be said for a contributory scheme. There should be a minimum independent of contribution; but upon that foundation there should be erected a liberal scale to which the beneficiary would contribute. In this way we should give an invaluable incentive to thrift. If a working couple in middle life had before them the prospect of retiring into modest ease and comfort at sixty-five, or even sixty, the whole landscape of life would be changed for them. The cloud that hangs over the evening sky of the poor would pass. They would face the future without fear. They would have a motive to save.

And the State in giving handsome encouragement to this motive would reap a great reward. It would remove discontent. It would build up a stable and independent people. It would drain the morass of poverty and irrigate the countryside with the most fertilising forms of expenditure.

If Mr. Baldwin will address himself to this great matter boldly he can make his Ministry a landmark in history.

Mr. Justice Sankey

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WHAT is the use of strikes and lock-outs? They ruin trade, they waste the strength of trade unions, they wreck the decent homes of thrifty artisans, and bring terrible suffering to women and children. To what end? Who benefits? What strike or lock-out of recent years has brought advantage to either belligerent, or secured results that could not have been obtained by sensible conference before it started? Sooner or later the disputants have to settle their quarrel by rational methods. Why not try sweet reasonableness first instead of last? Where is the sense or use of preliminary strife and bitterness, havoc and misery, and wasteful, wanton, woeful loss to the whole community?

The strike and lock-out are relics of industrial barbarism, of the Dark Ages of baby-slavery and rattening, of the bad old days when complicated mass-manufacture by machinery began to supersede the Arcadian simplicity of domestic handicraft. The change happened almost as suddenly as an earthquake. It fell upon the nation like a scourge.

GIBBINS tells us in his "Industrial History of England" that "the manufacturers wanted labour by some means or other, and they got it. They got it from the workhouses, they sent for parish apprentices from all parts of England . . . those chosen were then conveyed by wagons or canal boats to their destination, and from that moment were doomed to slavery. Sometimes regular traffickers would take the place of the manufacturer, and transfer a number of children to a factory district, and there keep them, generally in some dark cellar, till they could hand them over to a mill owner in want of hands, who would come and examine their height, strength, and bodily capacities, exactly as did the slave dealers in the American markets."

THE tale is extant and writ in very choice English. It is one of the most awful recitals of cupidity and cruelty in human annals. Then came revolt—the struggle of the human being against Robotism. Workmen began to organise, meeting on dark nights in mountain wastes, and when dis-

A GAME FOR FOOLS!

Should Strikes Be Abolished?

by ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON ("Dangle")
(The well-known writer on Labour topics)

ARE strikes, these vast upheavals which from time to time paralyse industry, justified from a practical and moral standpoint? There is trouble brewing at present between the employers and workers in the mining and railway worlds, and the danger exists that this trouble may result in strikes with all their accompanying suffering, misery and loss. This article, written by a recognised authority on labour questions, suggests a practical solution to a vital problem which directly affects every citizen of the country.

covered they were prosecuted for conspiracy. Trade Unionism was regarded as a form of crime, and its adherents as bandits. Impartial arbitration in those days would have been utterly impossible. Even when Mr. Mundella and Sir Rupert Kettle succeeded, after years of effort, in setting up the first conciliation boards, workmen were made to sit on a rude bench before their employers, and were only allowed to speak when spoken to.

BUT I do want my friends amongst the manual workers to realise that those times are gone for ever. The Right Hon. Mr. Clynes, the Right Hon. Mr. Henderson, the Right Hon. Mr. Thomas enter the industrial conference room on terms of perfect equality with Sir Allan Smith, Sir Robert Hadfield, and Mr. Hichens. Organised Labour is backed by a party of 150 members in Parliament who are keen and resolute to redress its grievances. And the old idea that arbitrators must inevitably show class prejudice against the manual workers has been signally refuted by the decisions of Mr. Justice Sankey on the Mining Commission, and of Lord Shaw in the Dockers' inquiry.

Why then does the brutal arbitrament of the hunger whip remain the almost invariable method of settling industrial disputes? The most experienced of the trade union leaders, and the more enlightened Captains of Industry, are agreed that the time is ripe for the establishment of a more rational system, and that the law which has proved capable of dealing with private contracts, which has interfered on the community's behalf in a hundred ways against the sacred rights of property, which has intervened in complicated factory and mine arrangements to secure the safety of life and limb, can also be applied to prevent the periodical paralysis of industry and the menace to public peace involved in strikes and lock-outs.

Australia, Canada, New Zealand have all tried schemes of arbitration, with varying degrees of success. According to the Fabian tract on the subject, "State intervention in labour disputes when one of the parties cannot be compelled to arbitrate, and the award is not enforceable at law, can be summed up as a universal failure, and the contrast with the compulsory Act of New Zealand is striking. New Zealand is the classical land of compulsory arbitration, the only land where it has had a fair trial, and *the only land where industrial peace prevails.*"

In Britain we have made a beginning by conferring powers on the Minister of Labour, to inquire into the causes and circumstances of an existing or impending dispute, and "if he thinks fit," he may refer the matter to arbitration. A Bill now before Parliament proposes to extend these powers by the establishment of a Central Industrial Board, which is to act "in cases of dispute, *if and when* requested by both parties concerned."

BUT why all these timorous "ifs" and "whens"? The Industrial Courts' intervention should be automatic and inevitable. Mr. Clynes and Mr. Thomas tell me—and they are probably right—that the workers would not be willing to abandon the ultimate right to strike; and when one thinks of it, one must admit that, whatever the Court might say, a workman must be entitled to withhold his labour, if the conditions offered to him are not acceptable, even as an employer must be entitled to close his factory, if the conditions of the industry do not encourage him to keep it open.

But the great thing that is needed, the great thing to be done, is to make sure of full and free public inquiry by a competent and reliable tribunal, *before* the parties have been embittered and nearly ruined by violent conflict. Not in one case out of a hundred would employers or trade unions dare to flout the court's decision and defy public opinion by declaring a strike or lock-out against the tribunal's verdict.

WHAT prevents the setting up of an arbitration court? There is the silly old class prejudice amongst the fools on both sides. There are employers on the one hand who still stand by the divine right of Capital to "do what it likes with its own." There are madmen on the side of Labour who fondly believe that the way to get the best out of industry is to smash it. The former class—the first class—have not yet learned that the general interest lies in the general comfort and content, and that the cheapest work is willing work. They still aspire to destroy trade unionism, which is as impossible as to silence an echo by shouting at it.

THE other class—the third class—still cherish the delusion from which Comrade Lenin is now happily recovering, that the way to hurry up the hatching of eggs is to smash them. As I noticed in Russia in 1917, and as Lenin has since discovered, it is not useful to scrap the men who know, in order to provide jobs for the men who don't. But this simple truth has not yet dawned upon some of our afflicted brothers, and they are therefore reluctant to miss any chance of breaking the machine which they are hoping to "nationalise."

Both classes are a confounded nuisance and a menace to the State. Other disturbers of the public peace and weal are made amenable to law. We do not allow differing parties to void their quarrels in Piccadilly Circus by damaging one another. We have provided handsome and spacious premises in the Strand, and a most respectable assortment of nice and clean old gentlemen to listen to their troubles and put them right. In the interest of the British public we ought to appoint a similar court to deal with obstreperous parties in industrial disputes.

THE presiding judge should be a lawyer of humanely catholic sympathies like Mr. Justice Sankey or Lord Shaw. The jury ought not to be, as in the Whitley councils, employers and trade-union officials of the same trade who are naturally and inevitably advocates of their own respective interests; but employers and trade unionists from other industries who, while knowing enough of general industrial principles to understand the points of dispute, also bring to bear upon it a detached sense of the communal interest. And the jury should also include every time representatives of the General Public. For the interest of the whole community is clearly superior to that of any section. The duty of the State is to safeguard all national industries and to protect the public weal.

"THE time for striking outside the factory gates," says Mr. Jack Jones, M.P., "has nearly come to an end. The last great strike will be at the gates of Westminster."

"I cannot consider any nation sane which tolerates strikes," says Mr. G. B. Shaw; "for a nation which is heavily in debt after a long war to do so is wickedly dishonest."

With a strong pull, and a combined pull, this form of national stupidity and barbarity can now be abolished.

THE Editor does not necessarily share all views expressed on this page, but considers them of sufficient interest and importance to warrant publication. It is intended to make this journal the recognised platform for the free discussion of the leading topics of the day.

Amazing Revelations of Racing Roguery

IN this article Pat Barrie sums up the substance of his amazing revelations. He goes into the important question of honesty and cleanness on the British turf. He gives racing a certain classification which, considering his intimate association with it and the character of that association, no one can doubt he is well qualified to do. In addition, he deals with the substitution of horses in big races, and describes how he was tempted to perform such a swindle in the Derby. He refers also to a secret regarding one of the most important of the classic Turf events.

By P. C. (PAT) BARRIE—Master Horse Faker

TO those who ask me if ever I have tried to "ring" a horse in the Derby, I reply that I haven't. And yet the Derby is the easiest race in the world in which to work a "ringer." He is entered two years before the day, and when you remember that only a small proportion of the entries ever see a racecourse, it isn't difficult to understand how easy it would be to make the Derby your colt's first race, and to substitute almost any horse you liked—any horse that is, of course, good enough.

But there the easiness ends; for you would have to have a smashing four-year-old to beat the average Derby field. In fact, it would have to be a horse capable of winning the Derby as a three-year-old if you wanted to bet with any confidence.

It was in 1918 that I was first approached with the object of "ringing in" one in the following year's Derby. At that time it looked as though the war was going on for another two years, and that the substitute race would be run at Newmarket as usual. But the scheme, as it was put up to me, was so badly conceived that I turned it down promptly.

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IT is a race requiring too much preparation for the average ringer to trouble his head about—and when I say the average ringer, I suggest that I am not the only man who has gained a nefarious livelihood by producing horses that "were not what they seemed." The man who does that sort of thing is usually in a hurry for money, and certainly cannot afford to wait for two years; besides which, it is pretty difficult to buy a horse at the last moment which has been entered in the Derby and which has not paid the minor forfeit. Horses become almost public characters in this country—I am referring to the more important classic candidates—and although I know of one instance where a great handicap in England was won by a "rung-in" horse, detection was only avoided by a fluke.

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WHAT race was that you ask? Well, think of one of the ten big handicaps in the year, and you have the race. Beyond that I cannot go without betraying, and bringing to ruin, men who to-day are highly respected on the English turf.

This is my biggest story, and, like most of the biggest stories of life, it cannot be told.

Whenever there is a suggestion that some horse has been run which is not all he appears to be I have a call from half a dozen interested and curious people. But with me, "ringing" is a thing of the past. And if I "ring," it will be done as unconsciously and as innocently as the substitution of one two-year-old for another, which is exercising the minds of the talent at this moment.

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AND here let me say about the Hypatia case, which is interesting to me at any rate, that it is the easiest thing in the world to mix two yearlings one with the other. If they are both the same sex, and they are purchased in the sale yards, it stands to reason that it's a simple matter to confuse them. The purchaser hasn't seen his horses, except for the few moments when they have been walking round the sale ring, and, providing they are the same colour, it is a very simple matter to get them mixed up. The case of Stanley Wootton is, of course, a perfectly innocent one, and the person who was most deceived was Wootton himself.

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BUT there are other cases with other trainers, and please remember that I am not the only man who has rung in a horse.

It stands to reason that in 1919 and 1920, which were what I might term vintage years for turf rogues, when money was plentiful and easy to get, and you could back a selling-plater to win you a fortune, that the turf thieves lost no opportunity.

I have seen horses win for highly respectable trainers who were no more entitled to the name that appeared on the race cards than I was. The temptation to a man with a big stable of horses, and who is going badly, to "ring in" a certain winner is a very great one; and, though the risk in his case is enormous, yet it has been proved time and time again that it is not impossible. The danger, of course, is that somebody in the stable will squeak; and in a large stable, with scores of stable men and boys nosing into the private affairs of the trainer, it is suicidal to make the attempt. The only possible way that a dishonest trainer can "ring" a horse is in conjunction with another stable.

When a three-year-old leaves Newmarket on the same day that a two-year-old leaves an Epsom establishment, and you can only trace the arrival of the alleged "two-year-old" at a Midland meeting, it is any odds on a ramp being worked, and a thousand to one against either of those two horses returning to their stables.

"RINGING in" this country, however, is not general, and racing in England is the cleanest and straightest in the world. As one who has broken the laws, written and unwritten, of the turf, so often that I almost forget when I kept them, may I be permitted to make this acknowledgment to all concerned.

The real difficulty which confronts the authorities is in absolutely identifying, or having the means to identify, every horse that runs. A few years ago a well-known Indian, who races in this country, sent two second-class horses to India. One was a sprinter and the other was a stayer, and by some mischance on the boat, these horses got mixed up and arrived in their Indian stable with their identities changed. For a year the owner and his trainer tried to make the sprinter win distance races, and he entered unsuccessfully the real stayer in sprints. It was only the arrival by chance of a well-known English trainer, who recognised the two horses, that caused the mistake to be discovered. Thereafter, I believe, each horse won for his owner pretty considerable stakes.

When you consider the character of the men who are engaged in the

business of owning and training horses; when you realise how easily money is obtained, and how quickly bets are settled and money is transferred, it is a standing wonder to me that there can be anything straight in racing.

Within half an hour a fortune can be staked on a horse whom not one man in ten thousand would recognise by sight; the fortune is won, and the horse vanishes from the course almost as soon as the winnings are paid over. A number goes in the frame; So-and-so has won; the blue flag waves "all right" or "weighed in," and the racing public settles down to the discussion of the next race and the chances of the horses engaged.

In no other walk of life are settlements so quickly made. In no other branch of commerce is a man's bona fides and honesty accepted with such little proof. Is it remarkable that the racecourse thief should find his opportunity in this haphazard method of "business"?

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IN my reminiscences I have told enough to show that the very best laid plans of the horse faker are liable to go badly astray. There are no certainties in racing; even faked certainties go wrong sometimes, as I know to my sorrow. The cases of Chinaman and Golden Plate are two in point. I have seen other unbeatable horses (the reader will remember the Mexican Belle swindle) which have come unstuck through causes over which the swindler had no control.

On the other hand, we have had enormous coups, as in the case of The Clown, Coat of Mail, and Silver Badge; but where is the money we made? It disappeared like water in sand, leaving us to take a new risk in order to secure enough money to waste again!

It has never been my policy, in conducting racing swindles, to dabble in trivial affairs. When I have made up my mind to try to bring off a coup I have always made sure that it would be a real coup, one which would line the pockets of myself and my fellow-swindlers with substantial profits. That is why I have specialised in "ringing in" horses. The more ordinary form of racing swindle, such as doping favourites, never appeared to me to be worth the candle. But, indeed, that could not be said of all Turf crookedness.

Honesty pays but the dividends are small. Dishonesty pays big bonuses, and sometimes rewards you with a bleak outlook from Dartmoor.

My revelations have, I think, shown that even the most insignificant turf swindle involves an amount of risk not only of discovery, disgrace and imprisonment, but of losing large sums of money in a few minutes, which is in no way compensated by successes achieved. The anxiety which I have experienced, even though I AM not of a nervous disposition, while preparations for a big coup were in process would turn an ordinary person's hair white.

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My mind is made up. Never again!

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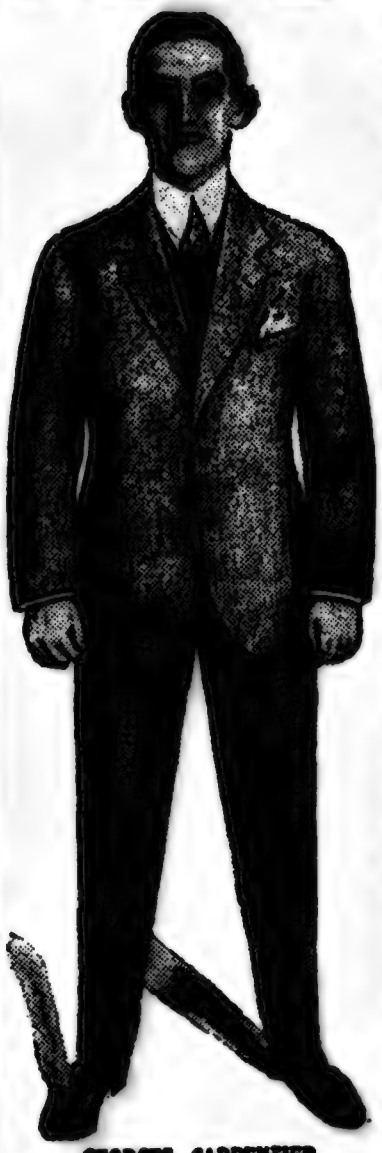

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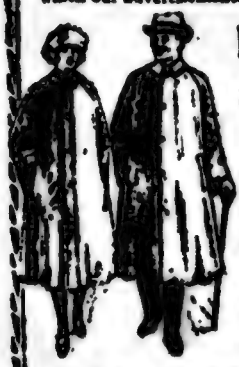

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THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

Smacks for "Max"

by HARRISON OWEN

IMMACULATELY dressed, with the white flower of a blameless life in his buttonhole and an expression of well-bred boredom on his face, Max Beerbohm entered the dock to answer a charge of offensive behaviour.

He pleaded "Not Guilty" in an Oxford bleat of the 1892 "vintage."

The case for the prosecution was outlined by Mr. Watchdog, K.C., who said the charge related to an exhibition of cartoons and caricatures which the accused was holding at the Leicester Galleries. "One of these caricatures," said counsel, "is labelled 'Angel Edward,' and depicts the late King Edward as a gross, Teutonic-looking person in a white robe, strumming upon a lyre and with a tinpot halo hanging above his head. The picture is a gratuitous gibe at a well-loved monarch. I do not claim that kings are exempt from criticism, but I do say that decency has imposed certain time-limits within which rancour and flippancy at the expense of the dead are looked upon as evidence of bad breeding. The late King Edward is not nearly as dead as Queen Ann, and while his children and his brother are alive they should not be called upon to suffer the pain which such an outrage upon the memory of their distinguished relative must cause them.

"THE prisoner, who resides in Italy (where the exchange is in his favour and the British tax-collector does not worry him) has apparently got out of touch with the foibles and the personalities of modern England, and has had to delve into the past for material; but if he really feels called upon to wax satirical at the expense of dead royalties he might burrow a little further into history and provide us with elegant gibes at Henry VIII. or King Tutankhamen.

"Less ferocious, though equally lacking in taste, is a cartoon representing the present Prince of Wales as a doddering ancient, marrying his landlady's daughter in 1972. By this time the caricaturist evidently assumes that the British monarchy will have been abolished, for the Prince is described as 'Mr. Edward Windsor' . . . at one time well-known as 'heir-apparent' to the late 'King' George."

"The picture," remarked Mr. Watchdog, "is vulgar without being funny, and the quality of the attempted jest does not justify the achieved impertinence. The fact that the accused has always posed as an arbiter of taste and elegance makes his offence the more serious and renders it more necessary that he should be suitably punished."

For the defence, Mr. Strawsplitter urged that his client had always been a gentleman of unblemished shirt-front. Furthermore, the fact that Beerbohm had been educated at Oxford should be considered an extenuating circumstance, as it was extremely difficult for persons who had put in a few years at that seat of ragging to be as well-behaved as those who had not suffered this disadvantage.

The jury returned a verdict of "Guilty," with a recommendation to mercy on the ground that Beerbohm, as a self-made foreigner, could not be expected to be as familiar with British taste as were artists residing in this country.

"I will not dilate upon the offence of which you have been found guilty," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, addressing the prisoner, "but will content myself by wishing that the sentence I am about to impose will teach you not again to mistake vulgarity for wit or bad taste for good fun. You will be imprisoned at Burlington House for the duration of the present Royal Academy exhibition——"

"Mercy, I beg of you, mercy!" wailed the prisoner; but the Court Crier demanded "Silence," and Mr. Justice Bull proceeded:

"—— and at the conclusion of your sentence you will be deported, not to Italy, but to Germany, which, judging by the exhibits put in by the prosecution, is now your spiritual home."

REPARATIONS AND BUSINESS

And Mkwawa's Skull

by T. W. H. CROSLAND

REPARATIONS is one of those words which the vast majority of us are sick and tired of hearing. Yet apart from its hackneyed politico-controversial significance, it happens to be just as good and blessed a word as Mesopotamia.

What the late lamented war has left of our poor old world is supposed by persons of imagination to be "tottering to its ruin." If you try to discover the root reason for its totterings, "reparations" will blow in on you from pretty nearly every quarter. "Get rid of the reparations problem" cry the wise, "and the move towards peace and the salvage of civilisation will have started."

The wise as usual are not very far wide of the mark. Virtually the whole energy of international politics has been concentrated on this problem ever since Versailles. Virtually all the bickerings and squabblings and dissensions and "misunderstandings," between the peoples that matter—England, France and Belgium for choice—have arisen directly or indirectly out of three questions:

(*a*)—How much should Germany pay?

(*b*)—When should she pay?

(*c*)—How can she be made to pay?

And at the present time of writing—four years, within a month, of the signing of what is commonly called the Peace Treaty, but what was, in the main, a Reparations Treaty, the shrewdest and shortest answer to each of those questions is "Opinions differ."

By the Treaty, sealed, signed, and ratified, the vanquished undertook to hand over to the victors in more or less easy instalments a mere bagatelle of £6,600,000,000 hard. They also undertook (*vide* Articles 245 and 246 of the Treaty) "to restore to His Majesty the King of the Hedjaz, the original Koran of the Caliph Othman," and "to deliver to his Britannic Majesty's Government the skull of the Sultan Mkwawa."

WHETHER the King of the Hedjaz has ever had his Koran, or his Britannic Majesty's Government has ever received Mkwawa's skull, I don't profess to know.

But so far as England is concerned, the aforementioned £6,600,000,000 continues to remain something in the nature of a beautiful dream, "fairy" or "san fairy Ann" gold as it were, otherwise a bad or doubtful debt, which the prudent and far-seeing might be disposed to write off the exchequer account if they were not quite so prudent and far-seeing.

While Britain for her part is thus left prettily in the cart, and has lately been wondering whether £2,000,000,000—£2,500,000,000 *vice* the £6,600,000,000 originally agreed upon wouldn't be quite a nice little lump to cut up among the Allies—one of these days, France for her part, has set herself steadfastly, and as some will have it, a trifle too strenuously, to the priest-like task of collection, or raking in what they can.

PERSONS of sentiment, not to say a proper regard for County Court practice, will stand for France all the time. "If a debtor fails to pay after judgment and reasonable days of grace, put the bums in on him," may be said to represent loving kindness and respect for the law as to Dr. and Cr. "doing themselves admirably."

But on the whole in view of what has been happening on the Ruhr and in France in the past few months, we may reasonably enquire which of us is coming best out of a difficult and tiresome job—France or England?

Our forbearance to date has cost us nothing—anyway as regards disbursement. "Sixty thousand tons of coal per week" out of the Ruhr—which appears to be about the limit of the French "collection"—may look more or less splendid on paper. But is it BUSINESS? In plain terms does it leave a satisfactory margin of profit when expenses are paid. I venture to doubt it; and, what is infinitely more to the point, the Belgians doubt it, and, despite the implacability of M. Poincaré or "Squarefist," the French people are beginning to doubt it.

IF we are ever to compass a sound settlement of the reparations question we shall have to compass it on business lines. Diplomacy has failed, militarism is failing. Business never fails. With the mark at its present valuation the business magnates of France, Belgium and Britain could buy literally everything that is commercially worth while in Germany, thrice over, and run it at a profit both to the Allies and Germany.

As a fact that is the road to all of our £6,600,000,000 we are in the least likely to touch.

Mkwawa's skull is doubtless a priceless desideratum. MacWawa's far-famed head for business will be much better for our pockets.

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"SUNDAY POST":—"She set her teeth and LOOKED UP BETWEEN CAUTIOUSLY PARTED LIPS."

"STORYTELLER":—"One was . . . a thick-lipped, yellow-skinned half-caste. . . The other was of PURE WHITE BLOOD."

"HULL DAILY MAIL" (advertisement):—"Eve's Film Review with Further Adventures of that CANINE Wonder 'Felix the CAT.'"

"SUNDAY MERCURY AND NEWS":—"MRS. HUGHES was prisoner's SON by her first marriage."

"RED LETTER NOVELS":—"She arrived at the edge of the lake, A LARGE LAKE, SURROUNDED BY A TINY ISLAND."

"WESTERN DAILY PRESS":—"Mrs. John Beckett and Mrs. William Warren . . . who have reached their NINETEENTH YEAR, are believed to be the OLDEST TWINS LIVING."

"GLASGOW EVENING TIMES":—"In making TEA the prison authorities allowed only one lb. of BEEF to eight gallons of water."

"DAILY CHRONICLE" (poem *re* "Big Ben"):—"Full sixty SECONDS in the HOUR, He toiled until his force gave way."

"BOYS' FRIEND LIBRARY":—"Armiger . . . LOWERED HIS LEFT EYE."

"SUNDAY CHRONICLE":—"He stands 55 FT. 7 IN., and weighs 11 st."

"SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY":—"He WAS LYING ON HIS FACE upon the grass . . He ROLLED OVER ON HIS FACE."

"CORNISH GUARDIAN":—"The usual monthly meeting . . . was held IN THE WESLEYAN CHURCH . . . This being an OPEN-AIR MEETING there was a large attendance."

"SUNDAY POST":—"The HEAD, varying from SEVEN TO NINE INCHES, should be SEVEN AND A HALF TIMES THE WHOLE HEIGHT."

"HULL EVENING NEWS":—"Wanted to share cricket pitch, two nights a week . . . Apply SECRETARY, IN A WELL-CUT NAVY GABARDINE."

Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed, and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified. Ten shillings is awarded to the writer of every letter printed on this page.

Stifling the Mother Instinct

"I HAD been keeping company with a man for several years when war broke out. He wanted me to marry him, but somehow I couldn't say yes. Then my sister's husband was killed, and as her two children had always looked to me for love more than to their mother, I mothered them while my sister, I am sorry to say, 'drifted.' I decided to tell my would-be husband that I should never marry, though we had been friendly for fourteen years! He was subsequently killed in the war.

"My nephew and niece have now been taken from me for educational purposes. Of late months, being, I suppose, in want of someone to 'mother,' I have helped a poor young disabled fellow on several occasions, who is minus a leg. He has a good position as school teacher. Recently, to my astonishment, he asked me to marry him. I am 48, and he is only 27. What should I do? I have always thought of him as a son."

"Humanist" says: *It is a matter on which you must decide yourself. Such marriages have been happy, but the majority have ended miserably. In the long run it may be better for you to reject the offer.*

Crippled Lover's Lament

"IF you can give me a little hope, I shall be very grateful. I am a cripple, and have to use a crutch. I have a fairly good position as a clerk and have also a very affectionate nature. Sometimes I have a mighty longing to be cared for by some nice girl. But I despair of this ever happening. A year or so ago I tasted of this sweet called love—it was play to her who let me taste, but that does not matter—and found it full of beauty.

"But what hopes have I, who have to walk on crutches, of ever inspiring in any girl the affection for which I crave? My temperament being what it is, life to me seems absolutely vain and empty."

"Humanist" says: *We do not agree. The right woman waits for you somewhere. It is a question, though, whether you ought to marry and impose your burden upon another.*

A Girl and a Brute

"DURING the war I held a position in a Government Department, and by hard work and thrift saved some hundreds of pounds. Then I met an Engineer officer, and we fell in love with each other. For three years we spent all our time together, and eventually decided to get married. A few days before the wedding he persuaded me to send him my trousseau of household linen, costing £80 (and I had sewed a good deal of my heart into those contributions to the new home), and at the same time hand over my savings for him to invest.

"Like a blind, trusting fool, I did. Three days before our wedding he told me he didn't intend to marry now, and when I asked for my money, he laughed and told me he was taking a married woman away with it. In my anguish I called him a cad, whereupon he struck me and kicked me while on the floor.

"Brain fever ensued, also internal injuries, and my health finally broke down altogether, with the result that since 1921 I have not been able to earn a penny. What shall I do in all the long years to come? Tell me, when one reaches the end of the road, what does one do?"

"Humanist" says: *Surely this man can be traced and punished? Your story does not quite convince me.*

A Full Life

"I WAS born in 1844, out of wedlock. My foster father used to earn 18s. per week, and in consequence we, the children, went ill-fed and nearly naked. I never went to school. When I was 22 I married and had three children. My wife died at 38. The eldest boy died at 21, the youngest at 4½ years, and the other at 40. I married a second time. My wife died suddenly of bronchitis. I married a third time, and had three girls. The eldest girl died at 21.

"Twelve years ago I went into hospital for an operation. When I got home I was told that there was rent owing, which my wife, who had the money, would not pay, so the bailiffs were put in and they took all there was left. My wife is now living with another man. I am an old age pensioner with 10s. weekly, suffering with bronchitis and asthma.

"Humanist" says: *You have certainly had bad luck, but you must also have had your compensations. Life runs streakily for all of us—some get more lean than others.*

Cold-blooded Husband

"I AM of a very loving disposition, and, I suppose, rather demonstrative. I am married to a man who is extremely cold and practical, and looks upon any sign of affection as sloppy sentiment.

"We have a child of four, who has very affectionate ways, and his father hurts me terribly when he rejects the child's advances. He is a very good husband, and probably you will think I have nothing to complain of; and yet I have a very real hunger for the demonstrative love that he seems unable to give me.

"Is there any way in which I can alter my own or my husband's character? Can you tell me how to make myself cold and reserved and practical, as he likes women to be? I am still very young."

"Humanist" says: *Really, I can't! You cannot alter your husband's temperament, and it is absurd to attempt to change your own. A little show of indifference would not hurt him.*

The Will to Make Good!

"IN 1922 I was convicted of stealing a large sum of money, and went to prison for twelve months' hard labour, being released a month or two ago. Previous to my downfall I had borne an exemplary character. I am 22 years old.

"To-day I am in this position: with assistance from a friend, who pays for my room and provides me with food, I manage to exist. My wife and child are living with her people, who are well off, but who refuse to have anything to do with me. My wife loves me as much as ever and is coming back to me as soon as I can maintain her.

"I want another chance so that I can make good. All my friends save one have deserted me; my relations shun me. I am well up in accountancy, buying of foodstuffs, can drive any make of car, and have been well educated. But there seems no hope for a man who has once gone wrong. Can you give me any advice?"

"Humanist" says: *Don't despair. Other men are worse off than you, and your job is to make good and repay your wife for her suffering and devotion. Get any kind of a job. Do a little road-breaking if you can't get accountancy work.*

Marriage or the Church?

"I FEEL as though the work I must do is that of a minister. I shall not be happy in any other sphere of life, and I have every chance of getting the necessary education. But I love a girl very dearly—so much so that life will seem empty without her. Knowing this, she yet says she could not adapt herself to the position of a minister's wife, and if I choose that life I must live without her. What should I do? If I enter the ministry I shall lose her and my life will be one long blank."

"Humanist" says: *Then the ministry cannot mean very much to you. aren't there any such things as sacrifice and restraint in your religious equipment?*

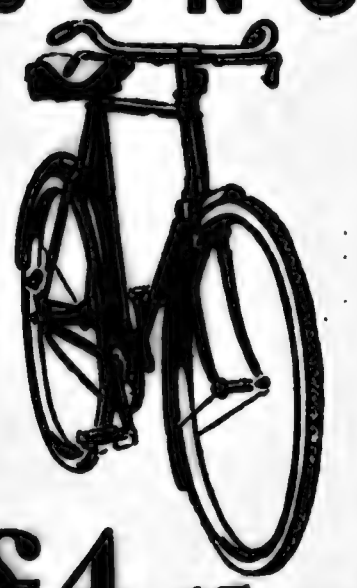
Foster-father's Problem.

"TWO years ago I married a woman with one child, the father of whom could not be found. After ten days of marriage she died, leaving me with the boy. I was advised to have him put into a home, but my mother and father would not hear of it and looked after him.

"Now I am going to Australia. Do you think it is my duty to take him with me, or let him stay at home with my parents, who don't like the idea of parting with him?"

"Humanist" says: *Let him stay with your parents. After all, they have first claim, for if they had not intervened you would never have kept the boy with you.*

JUNO



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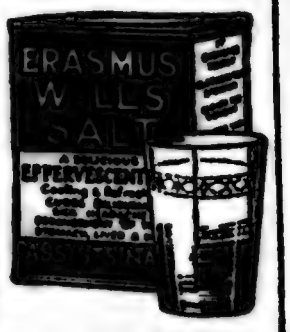

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Sports and Sportsmen

by ROWLEY MILE

BEST THING OF THE WEEK.
LADY SLEIPNER
At Epsom on Friday

"DEAR SIR: You are mad." This is one of the comments I have received in reference to my Derby selection. I am told by another reader that he has information to the effect that Twelve Pointer doesn't run. So much the better. You can't lose, if you back Twelve Pointer on the day of the race.

Why I Take Twelve Pointer.

I am impenitent. I stand by Twelve Pointer because he has done the best gallop and made the fastest time of any horse in the field. I will not go into the mysteries of his conformation. If I told you he was "high in the leg" or "too straight in front" (which he isn't), the majority of you would be just as wise. In point of appearance and conformation, Town Guard has the whacking of the lot—I'll admit that. In point of staying power I should think Knockando has one of the best credentials, for he came to nearly win a fast run race in the Guineas, though it struck me that he will not come round Tattenham Corner as well as a lot of horses. He seemed to "prop" descending to the Abingdon Dip.

Pharos.

Pharos at the moment of writing is a strong second favourite. He is my alternative selection. I have had a good account of Safety First, who has been very well galloped, but if he wins I shall be signing cheques.

The Flat-footed Parth.

There is one in the field that will have to be very thoughtfully considered if this vile weather we are experiencing a week before the race continues. And that horse is Parth. If the course is fetlock deep, I shall back him again, for he stays and is a mudlark of a very powerful type. I don't think he will come down the hill any too well, but if he is within striking distance of the leader when the field "meets the ground," he will be a factor in the finish.

As I am going for an outsider to win the race, it is absurd to take Parth as "the most likely outsider." In spite of the adverse rumours about Town Guard, I think he will start favourite, but I do not think he will win. But, as I said before, don't let me put you off him.

TWELVE POINTER (each way)

is my selection. Pharos and Legality are my place horses.

The Hunt Cup.

What will win the Royal Hunt Cup? There are a few hot ones in this, but on the whole we shall not have as good a field as we had in the Victoria Cup, though several horses that were in that race figure in the entries, on which I offer the following comments.

RE-ECHO.—A pre-weight favourite and a bit of a dog. (14-1 in the preliminary betting.)

STRATFORD.—The type of horse that may win this race. This is his course. (33-1 in the betting.)

VILLARS.—Has won at Ascot and may reproduce his form here. (50-1 in the preliminary betting).

POISONED ARROW.—Given to me as a "good thing" for the race (20-1).

SOVAL.—Shown good form. His best distance. (25-1.)

VARZY (33-1).—No good and should be 500-1.

BASILISK.—A good bet at his present price (200-1).

PSYCHOLOGY.—If this horse gets in at a reasonable weight he will be my selection (100-7). He may walk away with the race.

Why Irish Horses are Fast.

You will never see Golden Boss in a race with the weight he has been asked to carry in previous races. He is a smasher over five furlongs. So many of the fast horses come from Ireland—I suppose that dodging bullets makes them nippy.

The Oaks.

I have time to revise my views about the Oaks. Tranquil (unless she starts for the Derby) will be a red hot favourite, but for exactly the same reason as I choose Twelve Pointer for the Derby, I take

TERESINA* (each way)

for the Oaks. If Crispena isn't kept for the Royal Windsor Handicap on Saturday, she may run into a place. Cos does not run according to my present information.

It always amuses me to see the question of timing turn up, as it does, at regular intervals in the various sporting columns, and to note with what extraordinary vehemence the anti-timers press their case. Well, the Derby is going to tell us a little about the value of the time test. On that, Twelve Pointer and Pharos ought to finish first and second.

* * *

At the moment of writing there are all sorts of scares about Town Guard. I think the only scare point worth considering is that to be found in the fact that Town Guard has not been out this year, and that Gilpin refused to race him in the Guineas because he was afraid the horse would not do his best on a straight away galloping course.

* * *

Whether Town Guard wins the Derby or does not win, he cannot be a good horse. No good horse can be so described which will not do his best on every course and in every condition, whether the ground be hard or soft or just "good"; and no intelligent breeder will breed from these lopsided performers which have their likes and dislikes, their prejudices and other eccentricities. If you do so breed, then you are sacrificing all the good qualities of a horse for the sake of one. In other words, you are breeding to the recessive qualities, and that is not good for the English thoroughbred. I hope that all these stories of Town Guard are untrue, and that there was another reason than his queer temper for his absence from the Guineas. His father certainly had no dislike for the Rowley Mile.

"John Bull's" Mass Selections Win Over 90 Points!

Bhuidhseonach, 33-1.
Soval, 10-1.
Gentleman, 7-1.
Billy Beck, 9-2.
Recess, 5-2.
D'Orsay, 9-4.
Sewing Machine.
Westmead.
Nymphida, 100-6.
Gay Canopy, 8-1.
Williamina II, 5-1.
Simon Pure, 100-30.
Musical Bide e., 7-2.
Pharos, 9-4.
Sierra Leone

Emboldened by the success of our mass selections, I am offering you a new lot this week. Back each horse on a level stake. If three run in one race, back the lot. They must be backed to win. From week to week I will modify, add or with draw horses. This "mass" will help you with the Monday's and Tuesday's racing which "John Bull" does not cover. The previous mass selection is cancelled.

MY "MASS"

Duncan Gray	Weathertide	Portumna	Crispena
Red Rock	Charles Surface	Topboot	First Magic
Stowe	Silurian	Thoughtless	White Bud
Dossier	Sicyon	Billy Beck	Poisoned Arrow
Bonne Race	Beauregard	Unison	Ballytoi
Twelve Pointer	Tomahawk	Friar's Daughter	Hades
Soval	Brownhylda	Tranquil	Wild Mint
Golden Bud	Double Court	Sunny Rose	Drury
Westmead	Lizzie S. colt	Psychology	Tremola
William Tell	Pomone	Tibet	Broken Faith
Lady Sleipner	Colossus	Mademoiselle M	Night Patrol

OUR NEWMARKET LETTER.

Final Selection for the Derby.

"I am still of the same opinion (writes my man at Newmarket) that Town Guard will prove our best and win the great classic event. Papyrus will be a much fitter horse on Wednesday than he was when running unplaced for the 2,000 Guineas. I have every confidence in this son of Tracery running into a place; in fact, I think they will be first and second, Town Guard, of course, first.

"Tranquil is something to bet on for the Oaks. She has improved a lot since winning the One Thousand.

* * *

Ellangowan Not Liked.

"Ellangowan I did not like so much as I have done on previous occasions. He covered 1½ miles at a good pace with Scaliger, Vambrace and Melibœus. The latter was done for some distance from the finish, but Scaliger and Vambrace both finished in front of Ellangowan who did not, in my opinion, go with the usual dash. Elliott, who was riding the Derby horse, was pushing him towards the finish, but could not make much impression upon the two leading horses. I have lost a deal of confidence in this horse, who, I thought a little while back, would be a source of danger to the best.

* * *

"Porus has been showing to advantage with Poetaster, Witton and Bethersden Marble over seven furlongs. He was fancied last time out at Newbury, but I understand the heavy going was all against him. He is engaged in the Stewards' Handicap at Epsom, for which it is quite likely he will be kept in reserve. He is owned by Lord Rosebery, whose colours are very popular at Epsom, and this horse must not be made a loser.

* * *

A Seller.

"Polyhistor is striding out in good style now the ground is soft, and I strongly advise readers to make a special note of this one, who, I understand, will be seen running for a selling event at Epsom.

"Although a winner last week, I think Corban will be seen in winning colours again very soon. He has several engagements near at hand, but I believe he runs in a selling event at Epsom, which he should win.

"Kilmeny has not looked back since winning at Newmarket. She showed to advantage on Saturday when galloping with a batch of other juveniles from Jarvis' stable. She is very fast and will be suited to the course if seen out at Epsom.

* * *

Ronaldshay in a Seller.

"Ronaldshay has been well galloped, but has not run up to home reputation. I strongly advise those who have supported this youngster previously, again to do so. I understand he will be seen out next week in a selling event, and may prove a reasonably good thing.

* * *

"Since Cuckoo has been located in Captain Bewicke's stable no doubt he has done wonderfully well. He was galloped last week with Castor Bridge and Double Entendre, and was going equally as well as the other two, which we reckoned pretty useful. Cuckoo, I

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS

(The two horses starred are the "Daily Double.")

EPSOM (WEDNESDAY).

1.30 **Noce d'Argent** (Tip Tree, Lady Clara).
2.5 **Jacynth*** (Agamist, Cuckoo).
3.0 THE DERBY: **TWELVE POINTER 1, Pharos 2, Legality 3.**
3.45 **Lieutenant*** (Porus, My Own).
4.25 **Halidone** (Friar's Daughter, El Tofan).
5.0 **Irish Eagle*** (Corban, Golly Eyes).

EPSOM (THURSDAY).

1.30 **Agenda** (Merry Marcus, Italian Lass).
2.0 **Fancy Man** (Polyhistor, Bart Snowball).
2.40 **Straitlace*** (Pussy Willow, J. B. Joel's sel.).
3.15 CORONATION CUP: **CAPTAIN CUTTLE** (Top Gallant, Diligence).
3.50 **Morning Light*** (Proconsul, Crowdennis).
4.25 **Roman Fiddle** (Tomahawk, Scaliger).
5.0 **Perfect** (Stavropol, Flammette).

EPSOM (FRIDAY).

1.30 **Lengien** (Lensfield, Long Corrie).
2.5 **Gypsy*** (Cabbage, Noble Order).
2.40 **Straitlace** (Kilmeny, Appleby).
3.20 THE OAKS: **TERESINA 1, Tranquil 2.**
3.45 **Lady Sleipner*** (Royal Hussar, Unison).
4.30 **Golden Boss** (or Lieutenant), (Linby, Time.)

KEMPTON PARK (SATURDAY).

2.0 **Fancy Man** (Moidore, Tibet).
2.30 **Peacehaven** (Billy Beck, Phlox).
3.0 QUEEN'S HANDICAP: **SILURIAN*** (Peter Rush, Craigangower).
3.30 **Torlonia*** (Soval, Abbey Island).
4.0 **Bonne Ligne** (Sir E. Hulton's sel.).
4.30 **Lake Leman** (Free, from Pride Copper King).

FINAL WORDS ON THE DERBY AND OAKS—NEWMARKET LETTER—HUNT CUP NOTES—ALL SPORTS

believe, runs for the Wallington T.Y.O. Selling Plate at Epsom: make a note of this.

* * *

"Catalini is going in fine style just now. On Saturday he had much the better of Service Kit in a fast six-furlong spin. I understand he will be seen out this week at Epsom, and is most likely a winner.

* * *

A Double.

"I understand Torlonia was rather unlucky at Hurst Park. He may be seen out at Doncaster at the end of the week, but from information received, I think he will be kept for the Windsor Castle Handicap, a race value one thousand sovs., to be run for at Kempton Park on Saturday.

* * *

"Silurian runs again at Kempton Park on Saturday in the Queen's Handicap. This is half a mile further than the Manchester Cup, but I think the distance will suit him much better. He is a real good stayer, and I feel sure this horse will take a great deal of beating. It is quite likely Mr. Lambton will bring off the double with Torlonia and Silurian."

HORSES TO NOTE

Golden Arch (4 yrs.).—Never particularly "spry" at the post, this horse got very badly away when beaten by Orderly at Hurst Park. This fact may be worth bearing in mind next time he faces the starter.

Craig Elsyr (3 yrs.).—This is quite one of the best young horses trained in the North of England, and a note may profitably be made of the fact that, unlike the majority of Neil Gow's stock, he stays well.

Glitter Gold (2 yrs.).—More easily identified, perhaps, as the Glitter Agnes colt, this youngster is not only the best of Lines' two-year-olds, but a very smart youngster to boot. He way win next time out.

Eaten Maid (4 yrs.).—This mare, who has been leading Cos and Paola in their Ascot gallops, is at her best just now and the likely recipient of a five-furlong handicap in the near future.

Black Orator (3 yrs.).—Since finishing second to Wellwisher at Leicester, this son of Black Jester has been given a rest. He is, however, very well, and worth keeping an eye upon.

King Throstle (4 yrs.).—Nothing has been seen of this horse so far this season, but reports to hand suggest that he has by no means deteriorated, in which case he can easily be placed to win a T.Y.O. handicap.

Lackey (2 yrs.).—Albeit apparently short of a gallop or two, this good-looking colt was certainly second best to Dossier at Lingfield. He can scarcely fail to win races.

Cheap Talk (3 yrs.).—When beaten at Wolverhampton at Whitsuntide, this filly was heavily supported by the stable. As Martin's patrons do not throw their money away, the fact may be worth remembering next time she faces the starter.

Warways (7 yrs.).—Although nearing the veteran stage, this old horse is not yet done with. He is very fresh and well, and worth notice for a middle distance handicap.

Abbey Island (5 yrs.).—When her day arrives it will be as well to remember that this mare was second on her merits for the Newbury Spring Cup. Apparently handicappers do not think much of that performance.

Cleaning up the Game.

That is an ugly patch on the record of professional football provided by the Bury-Coventry scandal. The F.A. are to be complimented on the fearless way with which they have handled it; the severe punishment meted out to the offenders should be a warning to all others and help keep the popular game as clean as it should be.

ALL SPORTS.

There are more "newspaper champions" than ring champions. Mediocrity can be caricatured into greatness, as we have seen. British boxing was never at a lower standing than it is to-day.

* * *

I am rather interested to see how Jimmy Wilde shapes in his forthcoming fight in America. The Yankee ink-slingers are talking of Jimmy as if he were an old man, and undoubtedly the impression remains that the little Welshman has lost some of his pace. My own idea is that he will be beaten by Pancho Villa.

* * *

So we are to see Suzanne at Wimbledon, and it is quite untrue that she is suffering from heart disease. And she is not going to turn professional. So that's all right. We breathe again. And we should have gone on breathing if she had.

* * *

Congratulations to the M.C.C. on the appointment of Lord Harris to its presidency. Harris is a great sportsman, no less great because he is something of a dogmatist.

* * *

The list of entries for the *Bullets* Derby closes on June 14th. The prizes are worthy of the great classic, the winner receiving £2,000, while the second and third are £500 and £250 respectively. There are hundreds of other cash prizes varying from 2s. 6d. to £10 each.

ROWLEY MILE STONES.

Teresina is likely to be Whatcombe's only representative in the Oaks.

* * *

Straitlace is understood to be in reserve for the Acorn Stakes at Epsom.

* * *

Morals of Marcus does not appeal as a particularly apt appellation for a filly.

* * *

Mr. Wylam must have thought something of his "record" selling plater, Clover Club, to have entered her for the Fern Hill Stakes.

* * *

Not for a long time has there been such a poor entry for the Ascot Gold Vase. With the exception of Verdict, Parth and Soubriquet, the sixteen subscribers are very moderate.

* * *

Mr. Moss Vernon and his trainer, Stanley Wootton, have been somewhat heavily penalised for what was, after all, only a technical blunder.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

SEVERAL PEOPLE.—I cannot recommend George Clark, the commission agent.

WALT (Canning Town).—All ante-post betting is "all in"—if the horse doesn't run your wager is lost.

ENQUIRER.—Dionied, owned by Sir C. Bunbury, won the first Derby.

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Mrs. E. H. Boots, who darkened her grey hair by a simple home-made remedy made the following statement :—

"Any lady or gentleman can darken their grey or faded hair, and make it soft and glossy with this simple remedy which they can mix at home. To half a pint of water add 1 ounce of bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and ½ ounce of Glycerine. These ingredients can be purchased at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair every other day until the grey hair is darkened sufficiently. It does not colour the scalp, is not greasy and does not rub off. It will make a grey-haired person look twenty years younger.

FEELING OLD AT FORTY.

How to Regain Vitality.

Middle age comes too soon if you let the cares of life exhaust your blood, leaving you tired and worn. Women, especially, are prone to neglect their health. Housework consumes their vitality. They become middle-aged and suffer in the process—merely because their blood is exhausted.

Not so the woman who realises that the real unselfishness is to preserve her youth as long as she can. She does not cause anxiety by being ill, or by always having a backache or a pain in her side. Her blood is in good order—rich, red and pure, she is cheerful and active.

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FREE—Every woman in the country should read the booklet, "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to N.W. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London.

Our Letter Parliament

Wherein Our Readers Air Their Views

Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

Shaved with Pumice Stone.

Borstal establishments, private and public lunatic asylums, reformatory schools, poor houses, and other institutions of a like nature are every day disclosing, unwittingly, of course, the necessity of the constant and minute supervision of the authorities concerned. A certain county asylum, up to last week, when the Commissioner of the Board of Control interfered, tortured its patients by shaving them with pumice stone, for fear, forsooth, that they would use razors for suicidal purposes. The Commissioner informed the asylum authorities of the existence of the safety razor, and these up-to-date gentry, ever watchful of the comfort of their clients, have introduced this recent (!) invention.—*James Tosh, Monifieth, Dundee.*

The Indemnity Bill.

Just now there is a serious fight for British rights. It has been an honoured British tradition that all persons accused of any violation of the law have a perfect right to stand for trial, defending themselves. The Home Secretary, dealing with the deportees, forgot this, and it is well that he has been made to see his error. The Indemnity Bill needs scrutiny, and must not simply become a loophole of escape from all responsibility by securing immunity for Ministers when in the wrong.—*E. R. Squire, 10, Norfolk Road, Sheffield.*

Out-of-date Laws.

The question as to whether all is well to-day with the different branches of our legal life may reasonably be asked. The last five years have given grounds for the British public to demand a thorough reorganisation of all the departments dealing with such. The scandalous differential treatment of Ronald True and young Jacoby, the suspicious reversal of decisions in the Russell case, connived divorces, and the recent Habeas Corpus debacle of the Irish deportees leave one with a feeling of insecurity and utter lack of confidence. The truth is that our code of law is out of date; itself and the powers who interpret it need a thorough overhauling. An educated community like ours will not tolerate for long these effete survivals of the Middle Ages.—*John Anderson, Leith.*

Too Much Inoculation.

My son joined the Royal Air Force a little over a year ago. In 12 months he has had 11 inoculations, and he assures me that the other boys have had an equal number, though, as a rule, they have no idea what they are inoculated against. Healthy young civilians are not inoculated once a month. Why are members of the Forces? There seem to be only two possible explanations. Either soldiers are a peculiar race, needing artificial stimuli to their blood, or the Army doctors are experimenting on them. As my son's health has been greatly injured, undoubtedly through this unnatural treatment, I am trying to get him back into civil life.—*W. H. Shepherd, Wimbledon.*

A Munitions Monstrosity.

The Ministry of Munitions' explosive store and refinery plant at Chester, has been sold for £30,000, the original cost of the brick wall around the factory! Seven years ago this property cost the Government £500,000. It is to be earnestly hoped that the new controllers of the nation's welfare will exhibit more discretion and more desire for economy than is displayed in this action.—*A. L. Robbins, Dover.*

Death in Ladies' Shoes.

I think it is time something was done to prevent shoe firms from covering the heels of ladies' shoes with celluloid. Supposing, for instance, a person was sitting in a theatre or picture palace with her feet under the chair, and a careless smoker dropped a lighted match or cigarette end on the heel, what would be the consequence? I am a boot-repairer myself and when such shoes come to be repaired, I try and persuade the owner to have the celluloid taken off. I demonstrate the danger to them by setting similar covering alight, and I can assure you they don't require much persuading then! I do not think when they purchase them that they realise what the covering consists of.—*W. J. G., Gravesend.*

Driving People Mad.

The mistakes that doctors make are not all concealed by tombstones. Some may be found in asylums, and a full investigation is needed to save any wrongly certified insane from a life which must inevitably qualify them for permanent confinement. "For God's sake get me out of this," wrote the man in an institution just outside London, and his relatives travelled from Lancashire and rescued him. He was perfectly sane, but doctors had certified him for confinement. Councillor Hendrey, of Hastings, suggests that sane people are sent to Hellingly Asylum to find out whether they are insane or not. Is it true? Won't someone in Parliament demand a searching investigation?—*M. B. E., Bolton.*

THE NOBLEST DEED.

I AM a cripple and my only companion is a fine old Scottish sheepdog, true and faithful. The other day I was walking near a canal when I saw two men watching something in the water. My dog ran forward barking. A child was drowning, yet none of these men made a move to save it. Indeed, as we approached they moved off hurriedly. My dog, however, put them to shame, for he plunged unhesitatingly into the canal and succeeded in bringing the child ashore. Though hampered by my infirmity I succeeded in reviving him. He was a boy of four, and he and my dog are now great pals. I think this was the noblest deed I've ever seen. If any of your readers know of one more worthy of praise I would be glad to hear of it.

J. M. B., Birmingham.

This record of heroism on the part of a dog and unworthy cowardice on the part of these two men has affected us deeply. We believe, however, that the world is full of noble people, and for this reason we ask readers to write and tell us of the noblest deed they know of. Letters should not exceed 100 words in length, and should be addressed Noble Deeds, "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Half a guinea will be paid for each one published.

Punishment to Fit the Crime.

I think it is high time the public awakened to the fact that something ought to be done to protect dumb animals, more especially hard-working horses, left to the mercy of cruel, inhuman drivers, who imagine that an animal has no sense of pain or feeling. Cruelty to animals is dealt with efficaciously in Egypt. When a case of cruelty is proved the animal is sent to hospital and the maltreater to prison, from which respective places of internment neither is released until every sore on the animal's body is healed.—*S. R., Springburn.*

Exaggerating Kill-joys.

Why do "fans," when speaking in public or writing to the Press on their pet "isms," seem to lose all sense of proportion and spoil whatever case they may have by gross exaggeration. This is very common with people who advocate what they call temperance, but mean total abstinence, and are anything but temperate in their views of what other people should do or not do. The following extract from the Press recently gives a good example of the type of mind referred to. Mr. MacNeilage at the Glasgow Education Authority said, "If one wanted to hear the foulest kind of blasphemy, profanity and obscenity, one had to mix with a crowd going to or returning from a football match. *He had never been to a football match in his life.*" Great Scot! what an authority!—*F. J., Sheffield.*

Free Trade Irony.

Our coasting vessels suffer through foreign vessels—especially from Baltic ports—coming across and snapping up freights and trading in our home ports. Now, any of our vessels going loaded to a foreign port cannot take a cargo from that port to any other port in that country, but must either leave in ballast or take the remote chance of a cargo to any other country. Rather hard on our sailors in these lean times.—*A. Henderson, P, West 3, Gretna.*

The Children Outside.

Does H. R. F., who complained of children standing outside public-houses while the parents were inside drinking, realise that this scandal is not a case for the N.S.P.C.C. but for our M.P.s? Most publicans have parlours in which the kiddies could wait, but are forced to refuse them shelter because of the silly Act now in force. Until this law is altered, conditions will remain the same.—*W. White, 135, Sussex Street, Brighton.*

Lonely City Girls—and Men.

Your correspondent "E. G. B.," in his letter about lonely girls, has touched a very human chord, and I for one can sympathise deeply. But the ghastly loneliness of this great city is not exclusive to either sex. I have had nearly twenty years of it, so know too well how it affects mere men, and I have long been of opinion that a large proportion of the vice that is going on all around us has its origin in this awful, heart-breaking soul solitude. Somebody once said it is easy to be honest when you have ten thousand a year. It is equally easy to be moral when you have brothers, sisters, and a host of good friends, and later a good honest girl to share your own home, and innocent little ones to care for. It is a case of sinning for company with some of us—a despairing clutch to drag a few straws of pleasure from the bundle of life. But it only adds to the bitterness of a life which many of us would gladly change.—*S. W. S., Thornton Heath.*

Small Ads. Worth Watching

Continued from page 3.

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JELLY (Norwood).—"You may sneer at poetry." Thanks.

ONLY A GIRL (Hull).—"I am consumed with a horror of men." Ring for a fire engine.

MY NEIGHBOUR (Plaistow).—"Am I to endure the next-door people singing all night?" No, certainly not.

NEW ESTATE (Romford).—"How do I go about catching a swarm of bees?" Quietly.

ROB (Glasgow).—"A phase of industrial development is the unrest of labour." True, but trite, Rob.

FRUITS OF PEACE (St. Ives).—"When I look around I scarcely see an intelligent face." And when you look in the mirror?

COON-CAN (Bath).—"I have invented a game of cards better than coon-can." And who is coon and what does he can?

MAID OF ATHENS (Bolton).—"The poetry of life is visible to the sensitive mind." Sure. But what are you doing up in Bolton?

COVER (Reading).—"The contention that divorce is desirable is piffle. My view is right." Hush! Modest lad, you're keeping us awake.

LAZY MAN (Rock Ferry).—"Why should I work when swells roll around in motor-cars?" Some of the "swells" are probably rolling to work.

MANY CAN HELP (Leeds).—"Now that the sunny days are here, remember the homeless cats." Bless our life, woman, what are you talking about?

COALY (Wallsend).—"I am always telling the miners they have themselves to blame for their bad time." We gather that you are a very popular little fellow.

RECKLESS REG (London, E.C.).—"Let the old men clear out and give us young ones a chance." Spoken like a young one! Give us your views in 40 years' time.

ARTHUR (Manchester).—"The seeming discrepancy in your last reply to me is in reality important." The biggest discrepancy was that we didn't reply to you at all.

JEAN (Aberdeen).—"Can a man be arrested for deserting the girl he should have married?" No, otherwise most unhappily married men would be living in terror of their lives.

WALKER (Leith).—"The only way to argue with some people is to heave a brick at them." Such an argument would carry far and be very striking. What's the matter with the kitchen grate?

WON BY WAITING (Winchester).—"I courted my wife for fifteen years." Who is courting her now?

ONLY LENT (Marlborough).—"The money lender can always get his own back." And a bit more.

E. V. (London, W.).—"I would like to state my views about the Stadium incident." Bit late, aren't you?

SOCIETY (Bedford).—"These so-called ladies go on like perfect fools." We have never seen a perfect fool.

LITTLE MOTHER (Rotherham).—"The Prince's visit was a great success." Thanks for letting us know.

PSYCHOLOGIST (Southampton).—"The Boy Scout movement seems to be standing still." On the contrary. Anyway, no "movement" can stand still.

COMMON CAUSE (Wiltshire).—"If there were no political parties what would be the result?" Lopsided legislation.

SHELL OUT (Cradley).—"The income tax hardly leaves you with a chair to sit on." They will always supply you with forms.

ARTY (Edmonton).—"Who was it said 'All men are liars'?" We forget the lady's name who first said it with heat.

M. B. (Blackheath).—"My faith in human nature is strengthened by my acquaintance with bookmakers." You stagger us.

BABY (Maidstone).—"Many people do not like advance women." Do you mean "advance" or "advanced"? There is a slight difference.

EFFIE (London, S.W.).—"Now, what do you think of the story of my life?" Having read it, we believe you should take up fiction seriously.

GO AWAY! (Malvern).—"When 'JOHN BULL' is brought into my house I sling it into the street." We are training a copy to come back and bite you.

JIGGER (Leeds).—"I like Baldwin's face." Communicating this fact to Downing Street, we felt the receiver go hot in our hand. B. was blushing.

TIRE ENOUGH (Chesterfield).—"Let us disband the Army and Navy. If we want them we can re-create them." Some recreation! You're dippy.

CHAIN ARMOUR (Manchester).—"You can't get away from Christian Science." Once they've hooked you, it *is* a bit difficult. Personally, we never go near it.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

AND CO. (Wallingford).—"Relations in business never work." And the business goes bust.

CREEK (Torquay).—"Would you lend me £150—and trust me?" We will trust you—but we won't lend you.

K. (Street).—"The ancient Britons wore no clothes—why should we?" You needn't—if you stay indoors.

A. C. G. (Edinburgh).—"What is the surname of the Royal Family?" Windsor.

N. J. (Bargoed).—"What is your idea of the perfect paper?" We are not sufficiently immodest to tell you.

HAPPY WIFE (Pontypridd).—"My husband has never kissed a woman but me." Stout fellow! And *what* a liar!

W. F. G. (Plumstead).—"May I say that I am not unintelligent?" You may. Whether it is true or not is another matter.

C. D. (Silvertown).—"I have not yet heard of a postman catching diseases by handling letters." Nor have we, so why worry?

CHEERY BOY (Carlisle).—"When May is wet, oh don't forget, that June will soon be here." Is this poetry or just optimism?

OLIVE B. (Manchester).—"Is it possible to win a Bullet prize?" Yes, ma'am. If you go in for it—if you don't, it is hopeless.

SOLO (Swanage).—"Can you tell me the beginning of card playing?" Afraid not. The ending, however, is not infrequently a scrap.

J. R. (Smethwick).—"I am disgusted with the article 'What's wrong with Parliament?'" We fear you're a naughty old Bolshie.

ETERNAL HOPE (Gosport).—"I have never lost faith that one day I shall get my share of this world's goods." You'd better get a move on—faith without work won't bring them.

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS (Fulham).—"When I hear the raucous din of church bells on Sunday mornings, I thank God I'm deaf." Whom do you thank that you can hear them?

FAIR PLAY (Towcester).—"Live and let live is my motto." We'll let you live so long as you don't repeat the offence of writing 9 pages about nothing.

G. S. K. (Letchworth).—"I have discovered some highly important truths, of which the world has hitherto lived in ignorance." We get dozens of these each week. Still, send 'em along.

L. P. (Battersea).—"The £2,000 *Bullets* prize would be very useful in my business." Make it your business to send the best *Bullet* and the £2,000 is yours.

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See page 2 of cover.

E. C. (Sheffield).—"People still seem to have no sense." And many no cents.

TRANSPORT WORKER (London, E.).—"I do not believe in piece work." We fear there are only too many like you.

MRS. R. (Sevenoaks).—"Can you give me the information I require?" Yes, if you will tell us what it is.

END OF THE ROAD (Surbiton).—"What prospects are there for a flour salesman in these days?" Bags.

TOWN GUARD (Mitcham).—"I'm going down to Epsom to make the bookmakers sit up." Hope you make them pay up too.

J. D. (Barrow-in-Furness).—"Look at the working class of this country." We duly looked—now will you tell us what next?

OLD TORY (Hammersmith).—"Tranquillity will always come out on top." We are taking this as a distinct tip for the Oaks.

TO ARMS (Hawick).—"Wake up our Members of Parliament." The office boy shall attend the House with a pea-shooter.

H. V. D. (Birmingham).—"Let us all remember to place banana skins, etc., in the receptacles provided for them." Permission herewith.

J. N. C. (Guernsey).—"Is the law different on the mainland from what it is here?" Yes, sir—at any rate, in the matter you mention.

NOT A CONSTANT READER (Plymouth).—"It is wonderful the rot people will read nowadays." And even more wonderful the bilge they will write.

SPECULATOR (Greenwich).—"Do you think bookmaking is a paying business?" Yes; but some bookies we know of don't make a business of paying.

ALTRUIST (Shenley).—"I want no payment for the enclosed contribution." Don't worry; there was never any danger of our making any.

C. R. (Delny).—"Last year 1,689 million eggs came into this country." And from our experience of imported eggs, they might almost have done so unaided.

L. R. C. P. (Battersea).—"It is wonderful to think how short-memoried public opinion is." Agreed. Moreover, public opinion is all too often merely public prejudice.

H. G. (Jam Town).—"Where is the original village blacksmith's shop referred to in the well known poem?" Under the spreading chestnut tree similarly referred to.

A FRIEND (Wiltshire).—"I am writing to tell you that Bold and Bad will win the Derby." Thanks. Will readers please note that we have now had tips about all the entries.

AVIATEUR (Manchester).—"I am building an aeroplane to my own design; do you think I should insure my life before flying it?" Sure—but it will be sheer robbery of an insurance company.

REV. J. H. (Peckham).—"All your correspondents are wrong, the longest word is 'unworldly.'" We terminate the profitless discussion of this silly subject by giving our own choice—"shells."

JESTER (Framlingham).—"If everyone would begin the day with bright, cheerful thoughts, what a happy place the world would be!" Then we must subsidise our postman to defer the delivery of bills till later.

READER (Nottingham).—"All sorts of trouble to eyes, ears, lips, tongue and throat come from tobacco smoking." And it discolours the curtains and pollutes the air and causes fogs. In fact, there's only one thing worse—to leave home in the morning without one's pipe.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

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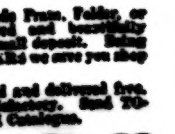

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THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

Little Innocents' Terrible Suffering

AMID all the suffering which is the aftermath of war, none is more heartrending than the terrible privations which are forced upon the rising generation. Week by week "The Greatest of These—" Fund receives pathetic appeals from poverty-stricken parents distracted with anxiety regarding their little ones for whom they are unable to provide even the common necessaries of life.

Here is a typical case which reached us last week from Glamorganshire. Mrs. Meredith, of Penrhiwceiber, has indeed tasted the woes as well as the joys of motherhood. For two years her husband has been at home ill, and has only recently been able to draw 17s. a week in unemployment benefit. He is unable to obtain any allowance for his wife, for during the time the breadwinner has been laid aside she has endeavoured to feed her family by going out early and late selling newspapers, at which she still earns a few shillings a week.

During their long period of privation the hopes of the household have centred in the eldest boy, who is sixteen years of age. He started to work in the pit, but owing to weakness he sustained a fall which resulted in an injury to his head, and at the opening of his promising young life he has had to be removed to a lunatic asylum.

The family live in a modest dwelling, the rent of which is 10s. a week. The poor woman has struggled hard against successive waves of adversity, but all her earnings have been absorbed in food, and these unfortunate people are now threatened with eviction owing to their inability to pay the rent.

The father and mother have become inured to the terrible poverty which has been their lot for so long; but it is heartbreaking to them to witness the suffering of their children. There are three of them, aged 12, 9 and 3. All are without boots, and the two youngest are almost naked.

Will you not heed the cry of the children and help us to give them succour?

"The Greatest of These—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Mrs. F. A. T. (North Manor Park), parcel; "Briton," 3d.; Mrs. J. C. (Lewisham), parcel; L. R. (Plumstead), 2s. 6d.; F. J. W., parcel; L. B. (Wimbledon), two parcels; E. J. (Ilford), £1; "Old Sixth Division," 1s. 6d.; J. I. T. (Stretford), £10; Mrs. P. (Hammersmith), parcel; "Lala," 5s.; K. W. B. (Bournemouth), 5s.; G. D. (Preston), £5s.; "Ted" (Saskatoon), one dollar; F. F. (Beddington), 10s.; W. P. (Muswell Hill), 10s.; Mrs. A. B., 1s.; Mr. L., 1s.; J. G., 10s.; Mrs. J. P. (Alnitree), 5s.; "Bridget," parcel; F. S. H. (Tobago), 7s. 6d.; R. A. S. (Norwich), 5s.; "Sorrow," 2s.; P. R., 1s.; "Little Oakley," 2s. 6d.; "Reg. Reader" (London, E.C.), £1; "Corfu" (Hastings), 10s.; W. W. S. (Crowthorne), 10s.; "Jim" (Derbyshire), 10s.; "Well-wisher" A. G., £5; K. H. W. (Streatham), 5s.; M. P. and Friend, 6s. 6d.; Mrs. G. C. (India), 4s.; Mrs. A. B., 2s.; Anon. (Watford), 5s.; E. L., 3s.; H. E. K. (Hither Green Lane), 5s.; M. T., 2s. 6d.; "Xmas Box," £1; R. S. G. (Preston), 10s.; Mrs. B. (Longsight), 5s.; E. A. S., 2s. 6d.; M. R., 1s.; T. B., 1s.; "Invalid," 1s.; H. J. H., 2s.; Mrs. P. (Surbiton), 10s.; Anon. (Bridlington), 5s.; E. H., 2s.; E. R., 5s.; "Cogs" (Wimbledon Park), 10s.; "Spoor Grimberian," 5s.; J. E. P. (Walthamstow), 10s. 6d.; M. A. A., 3s.; H. M. (St. John's Wood), 10s.; J. F., 1s. 6d.; "Loiner," 6d.; S. E., 1s. 6d.; N. P., 1s.; "Tiny," 7½d.; "Stampede," 10d.; "Unemployed," 1½d.; "Freely Given," 1s.; U. A., 1s. 6d.; A. C., 6d.; "Insurance Agent," 2s.; J. O., 2s.; W. B., 1s. 6d.; "Sunny Jim," 1s.; Anon., 6d.; R. C., 1s. 6d.; W. M., 1s.; O. W. R., 3s.; R. L. R., 1s.; Anon., 1½d.; "Hard Up But Sorry," 6d.; Mrs. N. H., 6d.; T. J., 1s.; K. T., 4s. 6d.; Anon. (Blackburn), 2s.; W. W., 6d.; J. S., 1s.; "Scottie," 2s.; Mrs. N. H., 6d.; Y. X., 1s.; E. H. (Torquay), 10s.; H. W. J., 1s.; R. B., 1s.; Mrs. I. D., 2s.; G. W. T. H., 1s.; L. S. (Chadwell Heath), two parcels; Mrs. I., 2s. and parcel; "8301," 10s.; Miss E. B., 2s. 6d.; "In Memory of a Dearly Loved Dead Boy," 5s.; "Out of Work," 2s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; A. K., 5s.; "Woe Jean," 1s. 6d.; "Mary" (Ripon), 5s.; "Turbo," 5s.; Mrs. L., M. (Mullion), 13s.; S.W., 1s.; "Sympathy," 5s.; R. G., 2s.; W. C. A., 5s.; "Guards Brigade," 6d.; E. C., 1s.; M. R. & S. R., 2s.; "Wellwisher" (Glasgow), 2s.; A. F., 2s. 6d.; "Avis," 2s. 3d.; C. S., 5s.; G. S. (Weston-super-Mare), 10s.; "Gratias Geo," 5s.; "Bullets Prize," 2s. 6d.; "Two Maes," 5s.; "Watchman," 1s.; "Experienced," 5s.; "In Thankful Mood," 2s. 6d.; W. J. L., 1s.; "In Mother's Memory," 2s. 6d.; D. A. Y. (Edinburgh), 5s.; "Boz," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. C. S., 2s. 6d.; A. P. C. (Weston-super-Mare), £2; Caretaker, Maidenhead, 4s 6d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Poor Woman's Windfall

MRS. JAMES FRASER, of 66, Rosemount Viaduct, Aberdeen, the winner of the £1,000 in *Bullets* Competition No. 483, informs us that this big prize has been a windfall to her family. For the past twenty years she has lived in two tiny rooms in a tenement and there reared her family of two sons and a daughter, all of whom are to share in the fruits of their mother's success. Born in the Highland hamlet of Aberchinder, Mrs. Fraser has had to submit to the bludgeonings of misfortune. Unemployment and ill-health among her menfolk have more than once entirely exhausted the resources of the family. On receiving intimation that she had won the £1,000 her first remark was—"What a Godsend! I will now be able to take my husband away for a holiday in order to assist him to recover his full health." Mrs. Fraser has competed on previous occasions, her biggest success hitherto having been a cash prize of 2s. 6d.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. "Bullets" must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ——— and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

THE "JOHN BULL" ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.

BULLETS' BIGGEST FIRST

£2000

10 PRIZES OF £10
10 PRIZES OF £5

2nd £500 PRIZE

3rd £250 PRIZE

100 PRIZES OF £1
200 PRIZES OF 5/-
1000 PRIZES OF 2/6
5000 'TARGET' PRIZES

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 484.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. H. J. CLENSHOE,
89, High Street, Brightlingsea, Essex.

Example:—WASTING TIME
Bullet:—REFORMING HABITS—NEGLECTING HABITATIONS.

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. A. V. PHILLIPS,
Wingfield Hospital, Headington, Oxford.

Example:—SURE THING
Bullet:—"WINDFALL" SAVES "CLIMBING TREE."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mrs. H. BOOTH,
170, Gorton Street, Harpurhey, Manchester.

Example:—BIG DIFFERENCE
Bullet:—LEGITIMATE COMEDIAN—LEGAL CLOWN.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

H. WHITEHEAD, 193, Gr Sn Road, Plumstead, S.E.18:
BIG DIFFERENCE—SUCCESSFUL "I"—FAILURE "WE."
ARTHUR SMETHURST, 22, Wellington Avenue, Ashley Road, Bristol:
BEFORE US—CENOTAPH; BEHIND—"MATCHES, SIR?"
D. M. GUNN, Durness, Sutherland:
IN SHORT—TROUSERS—ENGLAND'S "LONG SUIT."
Mrs. AGNES ADDISON, 17, Bannermill Road, Aberdeen:
CROSSING THE CHANNEL—AFTER LABOUR'S SCARCE—TUNNEL.
M. A. THOSLEY, 2, Cranbrook Road, Bristol:
MODERN LIFE—AGES YOUTH—REJUVENATES AGE.
Mrs. M. JOYCE, 3, Alderton Road, Herne Hill, S.E.24:
SOME DAY—FINING SLOW PEDESTRIAN INSTEAD.
F. B. WAKEFIELD, 3, Thorpe Road, Pudsey, Leeds:
OPEN AIR—PUBS, WOULD KILL PROHIBITION.
A. STEWART, 10, Aubert Park, Highbury, N.5:
SURE THING—TELEGRAM DOESN'T MAKE TIP.
JAMES C. FROST, 35, The Pleasance, Rochampton Estate, S.W.15:
SURE THING—FINE ROADS—FINED DRIVERS.
J. R. BOWMAN, 75, Millfield Crescent, Newburn-on-Tyne:
OPEN AIR—MORBID DREFER MUSTY COURT.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

C. V. N. CANEFIELD, 8, Woodbine Terrace, Idle, Bradford, Yorks:
OVERDRESSED—FLAPPER—FROM NECK UP.
(Sent in on "Target" prize coupon).
Mrs. E. WHITING, 13, Manvers Street, Bath:
A COWARD—KING'S EVIDENCE SHOULDN'T PROTECT.
Mrs. W. WOOD, 506, Oldham Road, Middleton, Manchester:
WELL SERVED—BY DUMMIES—CINEMA ACTOR.
FREDERICK ROBINSON, 51, Christchurch Road, Southend-on-Sea:
LOOKING BACK—LANDLORD, THEN KNOCKS AGAIN.
ALBERT GLOVER, 133, Cottenham Road, Leicester:
TOO BAD—"STUNTED" AFTER "HARD SLOGGING."
(Sent in on "Target" prize coupon).
A. ELLISDON, 43, Alexander Road, Upper Holloway, N.19:
GARDENING—AFTER DARK, ARGUES SUSPICION.
Mrs. F. JONES, 31, Stoke Road, Shelton, Stoke-on-Trent:
UNKNOWN—INGREDIENTS, MAKE CHEMISTS RICH.
Mrs. F. ALLEN, 2, Back Eden Street, Blackpool:
ALL OVER—WHEN JURYWOMAN ARRIVED.
F. W. MILLAR, Millbrook, Navan, Co. Meath, Ireland:
CROSSING THE CHANNEL—DIPPISTERS—"FREE OF CHARGE."
F. MURGATROYD, 2, Meadows, Prestwich:
SITTING UP LATE—GIRLS "KEEPING" THEIR MOTHERS.

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 486.

THE KING
LIGHTS OF LONDON
THE NEW PREMIER
WELCOME
CONSERVATIVE PARTY
AT THE RACES
OUR COUNTRY
BANNED
CLOUDLESS SKY
WORTH WAITING FOR
OPPOSITE SEX
OVER THE WATER
WIRELESS AMATEUR
WHAT WIFE MEANS
ALL OUT
ABOVE OUR HEADS
AFTER HOURS
PROVING TOO MUCH
FIRST OFFENDER
STANDING ALONE
THE BIG STICK
A PLEASURE
IN OUR WAY
BIG CATCH
A BIT HOT
GETTING CLOSER
LIKE A MAN
A PICNIC
IN THE NET
THE SKIPPER
BAD FOR US
DIFFICULT
SET TO WORK
MARY ANN
ON THE SPOT
A MIRACLE
THREATENING
MY LOT
PROVOKING SMILE
SHY MISS

☞ SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' POSTERS, announcing the £10, £5 and £2 10s. prizewinners, will be sent to the newsagents from whom the Winners of the three odd "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 484 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original stamps for £1,000 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 484, can now be seen in the window of Mrs. Gosney, Newsagent, 101, Commercial Street, Aberdeen.

List of Ten-shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 484 will be published in next Competition No. 486 will be published in next week's "Competitions" Supplement. Complete list of all cash and other prize-winners will be seen on the Notice Board at the Office of "JOHN BULL."

"Bullets" Rules will be found on page 26.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS. Choose any of the examples printed; then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen, EACH of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: Example:—LITTLE HELP Bullet:—CRAMMING HUNGRY CHILDREN'S HEADS. Example:—PAID IN FULL Bullet:—THEN FRANCE "QUITS." Example:—WHEN LONDON SLEEPS Bullet:—SOME MOTORISTS SHOULD PRACTISE. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

☞ **ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO** "Bullets" No. 486, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, June 14.

Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(486) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 26.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed_____
Address_____

Closing Date, Thursday, June 14.

Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(486) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 26.
With 2 coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed_____
Address_____

Closing Date, Thursday, June 14.

Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(486) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 26.
With 3 coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed_____
Address_____

Closing Date, Thursday, June 14.

Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(486) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 26.
With 4 coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed_____
Address_____

☞ If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

It's no use. You'll have to smoke Craven "A."

It's the only non-irritant cigarette on the market. It's

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROAT.

CRAVEN "A"

CORK-TIPPED VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

10 for 6d.
50 for 2/6
100 for 5/-

20 for 1/-

Made by Carreras Ltd., London. Est. 1788.

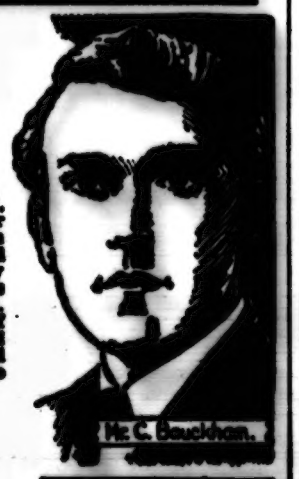
What to Take for CONSTIPATION

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Take a good dose of **Carter's Little Liver Pills**—then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. They cleanse your system of all waste matter and **Regulate Your Bowels.** Mild—as easy to take as sugar. *Genuine bear signature—* Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Psoriasis

A severe case which lasted two years and was eventually completely cured by Germolene.



Mr. Chas. Bauckham, 49, Highfield Avenue, Gt. Grimsby, Line., says:—"During the war I served in the Navy and our ship was torpedoed. For two hours we drifted in an open boat exposed to a tropical sun and salt spray, until picked up by a destroyer. As a result I developed a rash on my arms and left leg, which got worse and worse. The case was diagnosed as a bad case of psoriasis and treated accordingly. The trouble persisted and for two years I tried all kinds of ointments and lotions, but to no purpose. Then I tried Germolene. The first dressing gave wonderful relief and after using the contents of three small tins a complete cure was effected. I feel I cannot praise Germolene enough."

FOUR GOLD MEDALS AWARDED.

Prices 1/3 & 3/- per tin. Of all Chemists.

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing

Use Germolene for Eczema, Rashes, Ulcers, Piles, Rodney, Cuts and Burns, Skin Eruptions, Ringworm, and all Itching or Ulcerated Surfaces.

3/11 for the Finest Summer Shirt

COTTON TAFFETA

Splendid Shirts that you would willingly pay 6/11 apiece for in any Outfitter's Shop. Curzon's Shirt Value is the wonder of the Trade.

Buy Superior Shirts direct—and see what you save.

5 for £1
or
3 for 12/6
No less than 3 supplied.

The above prices include the cost of carriage and packing.

Five for 20/- Carriage Paid

SEIZE this unrivalled opportunity to replenish your wardrobe at such a considerable saving. These Shirts are of excellent workmanship and cut. Made from the finest cotton Taffeta, in a range of neat fancy striped material, double-sewn throughout, soft finished fronts with dressed neckbands and soft double cuffs, double yokes, well-shaped bodies, gussets at sides and sleeves, and good pearl buttons.

You can safely Send your Order.

Remember, all shirts are sold under the "'John Bull' Guarantee of Complete Satisfaction or Money Back in Full" and our own guarantee given below. Send your order therefore at once and judge them on their merits. If you are not more than pleased with them—the remedy is in your own hands. Anyway, you will not be a penny out of pocket.

CURZON'S SPECIAL GUARANTEE

We guarantee that if any of these shirts fade as the result of exposure to sunlight, or if the colour runs in the wash, we will replace them absolutely free of cost to the customer.

This guarantee holds good for a period of SIX MONTHS from date of purchase.

When ordering state size of collar worn. This is one-half size larger than the size of shirt. Thus, if you take a 16-inch linen collar you require a 15½ shirt, etc.

SUITS TO MEASURE: Don't forget that Curzon's Made-to-Measure Suits are the best value in the world. Prices £3 3s., £3 10s., £3 3s., £3 10s., £4 4s., or £5 5s. Patterns with self-measure form sent free of charge on request.

Orders by post to be sent to

CURZON BROS., Ltd.,

The World's Measure Tailors,

70 & 72, City Road, London, E.C.1

These shirts are also on sale at 2s. 11d. at the following Curzon's Hosiery Branches: 70 and 72, City Road, E.C.; 107 and 69, Strand; 112, New Oxford Street; 78, Aldersgate Street; 11b, Fleet Street; 87b, Bishopsgate; also at Deptford, Forest Gate, Euston, Poplar, Kingston, Richmond, Putney, Grays, Wood Green, and at new branch at Wimbledon (Prince of Wales' Terrace, Hartfield Road, opposite Wimbledon Station).

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